The minde of the Frontiſpice.

Reader, behinde this ſilken Front'ſpice lyes
The Argument of our Booke: which to your eyes
Our Muſe (for ſerious cauſes, and beſt knowne
Vnto her ſelfe) commands ſhould be unſhowne:
And therefore, to that end ſhe hath thought fit
To draw this Curtaine 'twixt your eye and it.

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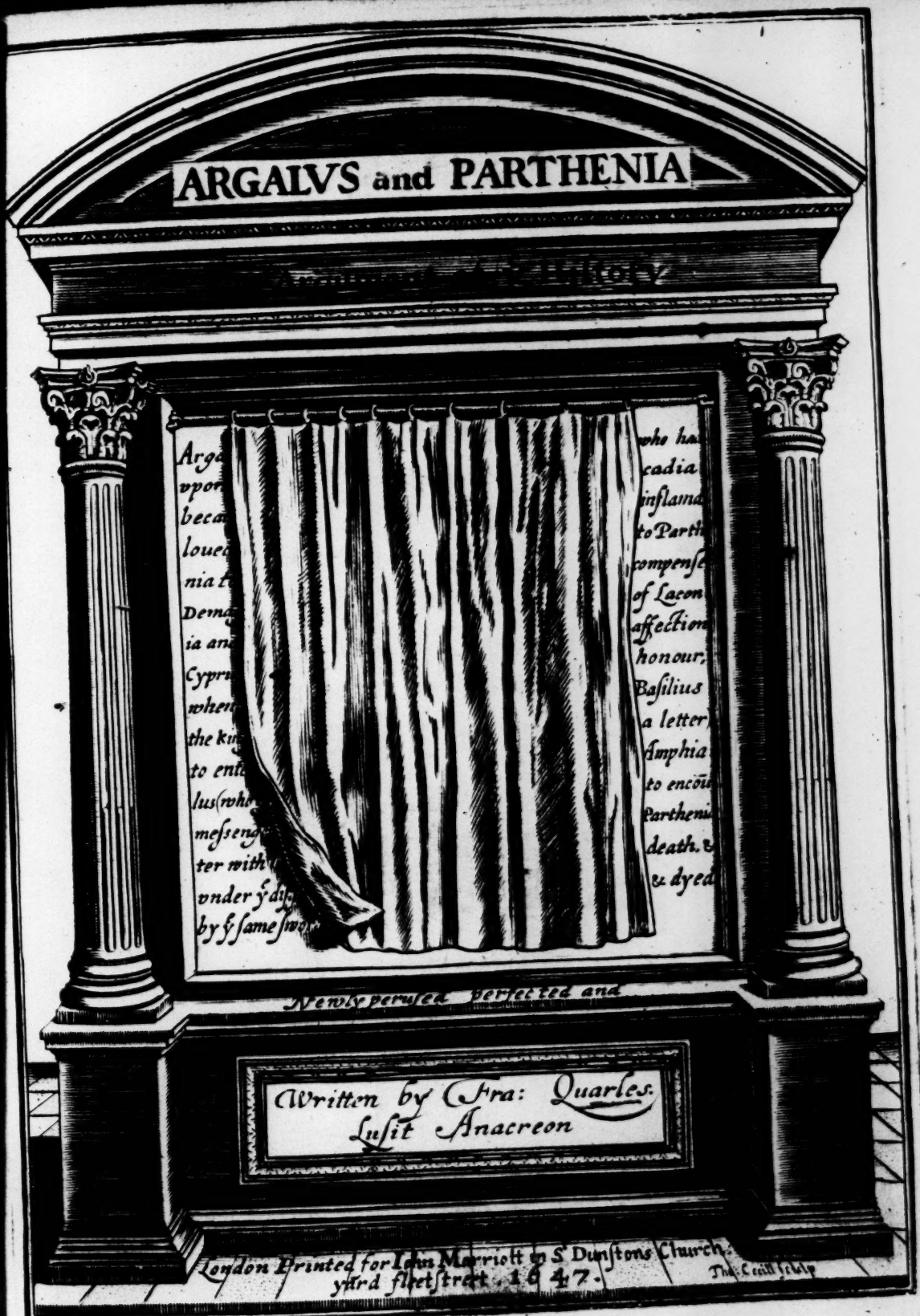
ARGALVS and PARTHENIA
Written by Fra: Quarles.
Lusit Anacreon
London Printed for

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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
HENRY LORD RICH OF KENSINGTON, EARLE OF HOLLAND, CAPTAINE OF HIS Mties GUARD, AND GENTLEMAN OF THE BED-CHAMBER, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITIE OF CAMBRIDGE, KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE *GARTER*, ONE OF HIS MAJESTIES MOST HONOURABLE *PRIVIE COVNCEL*;

AND GREAT EXAMPLE OF TRUE HONOUR AND CHIVALRIE:

FRA: QVARLES
PRESENTS AND DEDICATES HIS *ARGALVS* AND *PARTHENIA*.

To The Reader.

Reader,

I Preſent thee here with a hiſtory of *Argalus* and *Parthenia*, the fruits of broken hours. It was a *Ciens* taken out of the Orchard of Sir *Philip Sidney*, of precious memory, which I have lately graffed upon a Crab-ſtock, in mine own. It hath brought forth many leaves, and promiſes pleaſing fruit, if malevolent eyes blaſt it not in the bud. This Book differs from my former, as a *Courtier*, from a *Churchman*: But if any thinke it unfit for one to play both parts, I have preſidents for it: And let ſuch know, that I have taken but one Play-day in ſix: However, I ſhould beſhrew that hand that bindes them all together to make one *Volume*. In this diſcourſe, I have not affected to ſet thy underſtanding on the Rack, by the tyranny of ſtrong *lines*, which (as they fabulouſly report of *China-diſhes*) are made for the third *Generation* to make uſe of, and are the meere itch of wit; under the colour of which, many have ventured (truſting to the *Oedipean* conceit of their ingenious *Reader*) to write *non-ſenſe*, and felonioufly father the created expoſitions of other men; not unlike ſome Painters, who firſt make the picture, then, from the opinion of better judgements, conclude whom it reſembles. Theſe lines are ſtrong enough for my purpoſe; If not for thine, yet read them, and your underſtandings may be magnified by their weakeneſſe. Reader, thou ſhalt in the progreſſe of this *Story*, meet with a ſeeming *Solæciſme*; which is this; *Demagoras*

his so foule a deed perpetrated upon the faire *Parthenia*, is fully expreſt; and yet, the revenge thereof paſt over in ſilence; wherein(as I conceive) I have not dealt unjuſtly. When *Prometheus* ſtole fire from heaven to animate and quicken his artificiall bodies, the ſeverer gods for puniſhment of ſo high a ſacriledge, ſtruck him not dead with a ſudden *Thunder-bolt*, but (to be more deepely avenged) let him live, to be tormented with *Vultors*, continually gnawing on his *Liver*. The ſame kinde of torture had *Ixion*: ſo had *Siſyphus*: ſo had *Tantalus*: Did then *Demagoras* fault equall (if not exceed) theirs, and ſhould his puniſhment be leſſe? Had my pen delivered him dead into your hands, what could you have had more? His accurſed memory had ſoone rotted with his baſer name, and there had been an end of him: In which reſpect, I have ſuffered him to live; that hee may ſtand like a *Jack a Lent*, or a *Shroving Cock* for every one to ſpend a Cudgell at, to the worlds end. *Ladies* (for in your ſilken laps I know this book will chooſe to lie, which being farre fetched, if the *Stationer* be wiſe, will be moſt fit for you) my ſuit is, that you would be pleaſed to give the faire *Parthenia* your noble entertainment: Shee hath croſt the Seas for your acquaintance, and is come to live and die with you; to whoſe gentle hands I recommend her, and kiſſe them.

Fr: Qu:

Dublin this 4. of March. 1621.

ARGALVS AND PARTHENIA.

The first Book.

WIthin the limits of th' *Arcadian* land,
Whose gratefull bounty hath inricht the hand
Of many a shepherd swaine, whose rurall Art
(Untaught to gloze, or with a double heart
To vow dissembled love) did build to Fame,
Eternall *Trophies* of a Pastorall name,
That sweet *Arcadia*; which, in antique dayes,
Was wont to warble out her well tun'd layes
To all the world; and, with her Oaten Reed,
Did sing her love whilst her proud flocks did feed;
Arcadia, whose deserts did claime to be
As great a sharer in the *Daphnean* tree,
As his, whose louder *Aenead* proudly sings
Heroick conquests of victorious Kings;
There (if th' exuberance of a word may swell
So high, that *Angels* may be said to dwell)
There dwelt that *Virgin*, that *Arcadian* glory,
Whose rare compositure did abstract the story
Of true perfection, modellizing forth
The height of beauty, and admired worth;
Her name *Parthenia*, whose unnam'd descents,
Can serve but as a needlesse complement,
To gild perfection: She shall boast, alone,
What bounteous Art, and Nature makes her own.

Her

Her mother was a Lady, whom deep age
More fill'd with honour, then diſeaſes; ſage,
A modeſt Matron, ſtrict, reſerv'd, auſtere,
Sparing in ſpeech, but liberall of her eare;
Fierce to her foes, and violent where ſhe likes;
Wedded to what her owne opinion ſtrikes;
Frequent in almes, and charitable deeds,
Of mighty ſpirit, conſtant to her *beads*,
Wiſely ſuſpicious; but what need we other
Then this? ſhe was the fair *Parthenia's* Mother;
That rare *Parthenia*, in whoſe heavenly eye
Sits maiden mildneſſe, mixt with Majeſty,
Whoſe ſecret power hath a double skill,
By frownes or ſmiles to make alive, or kill;
Her cheekes are like to banks of faireſt flowers,
Inricht with ſweetneſſe from the twilight ſhowers,
Whereon thoſe jarres which were ſo often bred,
Compoſed were, betwixt the white and red:
Her haire rought downe beneath her yvory knees,
As if that Nature to ſo rare a piece
Had meant a ſhadow: labouring to ſhow
And boaſt the utmoſt, that her hand could doe:
Like ſmalleſt flax appear'd her Nymph-like haire,
But onely flax was not ſo ſmall, ſo faire:
Her lips like Rubies, and you'd think, within,
In ſtead of teeth, that orient *Pearles* had bin:
The whiteneſſe of her dainty neck you know,
If ever you beheld the new-falne *Swom*;
Her Swan-like breſts were like two little *Spheares*,
Wherein, each azure line in view appeares,
Which, were they obvious but to every eye,
All liberall Arts would turne *Aſtronomy*;
Her ſlender waſte, her lilly hands, her armes

I dare not ſet to view; becauſe all charmes
Forbidden are: My baſhfull *Muſe* deſcends
No lower ſtep: Here her *Commiſſion* ends,
And by another vertue doth enjoyne
My pen to treat perfection more divine.
The chaſte *Diana*, and her Virgin-crew
Was but a *Type* of one that ſhould enſue
In after ages, which we finde expreſt,
And here fulfill'd in chaſte *Parthenia's* breſt;
True vertue was the object of her will;
She could no ill, becauſe ſhe knew no ill;
Her thoughts were noble, and her words not laviſh,
Yet free, but wiſely waigh'd; more apt to raviſh,
Then to entice; leſſe beautified with Art,
Then naturall ſweetneſſe: In her gentle heart
Judgement tranſcended: from her milder breſt
Paſſion was not exiled, but repreſt:
Her voyce excell'd, nay, had you heard her voice
But warble forth, yon might have had the choice,
To take her for ſome ſmooth-fac'd *Cherubin*,
Or elſe ſome glorious *Angel*, that had bin
A treble ſharer in th'eternall joyes,
Such was her voyce, ſuch was her heavenly voyce:
Merry, yet modeſt; witty, and yet wiſe;
Not apt to toy, and yet not too too nice;
Quick, but not raſh; Courteous, & yet not common:
Not too familiar, and yet ſcorning no man:
In brief, who would relate her praiſes well,
Muſt firſt bethink himſelf, what tis t' excell.

When theſe perfections had enhaunc'd the name
Of rare *Parthenia*, nimble winged Fame
Grew great with honour, ſpreads her haſty wings,
Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away ſhe ſprings,

And with her full-mouth'd blaſt ſhe doth proclaime
Th'unmated glory of *Partheniaes* name:
Who now but fair *Parthenia*? what report
Can finde admittance in th'*Arcadian* Court
But fair *Partheniaes*? Every ſolemn feaſt
Muſt now be ſweetned, honour'd, and poſſeſt
With high diſcourſes of *Partheniaes* glory,
And every mouth muſt breathe *Partheniaes* ſtory.
The *Poet* ſummons now his amorous quill,
And ſcorns aſſiſtance from the ſacred *Hill*:
The ſweet-lipt *Orator* takes in hand to raiſe
His prouder ſtyle, to ſpeak *Partheniaes* praiſe.
The curious *Painter* wiſely doth diſplace
Fair *Venus*, ſets *Parthenia* in her place.
The pleader burns his books, diſdains the Law,
And fals in love with whom his eyes ne're ſaw.
Healths to the fair *Parthenia* fly about
At every board, whilſt others, more devout
Build Idols to her, and adore the ſame;
And *Parrets* learn to prate *Partheniaes* name:
Some truſt to fame, ſome ſecretly diſprize
Her worth; ſome emulates, and ſome envies;
Some doubt, ſome fear leſt laviſh fame belie her,
And all that dare beleeve report, admire.
Vpon the borders of the *Arcadian* Land
Dwelt a *Lacenian* Lord; Of proud command,
Lord of much people, youthfull and of fame,
More great then good; *Demagoras* his name;
Of ſtature tall, his body ſpare and meager,
Thick ſhouldred, hollow cheek'd and viſage eager,
His gaſhfull countenance ſwarthy, long and thinne,
And down each ſide of his reverted chinne
A lock of black neglected hair (befriended

With

With warts too ugly to be ſeen) deſcended;
His rowling eyes were deeply ſunk, and hiew'd
Like fire; T is ſaid, they bliſter'd where they view'd.
Vpon his ſhoulders from his fruitfull crown,
A rugged crop of *Elfelocks* dangled down:
His hide all hairy; gariſh his attire,
And his complexion meerly Earth and Fire;
Perverſe to all; extenuating what
Another did, becauſe he did it not:
Maligning all mens actions but his owne,
Not loving any, and belov'd of none:
Revengefull, envious, deſperately ſtout,
And in a word, to paint him fully out,
That had the *Monopoly*, to fulfill
All vice; the *Hieroglyphick* of all ill.
He view'd *Partheniaes* face. As from above,
Firebals of lightning hurl'd by angry *Jove*,
Confound th' unarm'd beholder at a blow,
And leave him ruin'd in the place: Even ſo
The peerleſſe beauty of *Partheniaes* eyes,
At the firſt ſight did conquer and ſurprize
The laviſh thoughts of this amazed lover,
Who void of ſtrength to hide, or to diſcover
The tyrannous ſcorching of his ſecret fires,
Prompted by paſſion, with himſelf conſpires;
Accurs'd Demagoras! *Into what a fever*
Hath one look ſtruck thy ſoul? Oh never, never
To be recur'd! If I had done amiſſe,
Hath heaven no eaſier plagues in ſtore, but this?
Prometheus *pains are not ſo ſharp as theſe,*
Our ſins yet labour'd both of one diſeaſe;
Our faults are equall; Both ſtole fire from heaven;
Our faults alike, why are our plagues uneven?

Be juſt; O make not ſuch unequall ods
Of equall ſins: Be juſt; or elſe no Gods:
Why ſend ye down ſuch Angels *to the earth,*
To mock poor mortals? or of mortall birth
If ſuch a heaven-like Paragon may be,
Why doe ye not wound her as well as me?
But why doe I implore your aids in vain,
That are the higheſt Agents *in my pain?*
Poor wretch! What hope of help can ye aſſure me,
When onely ſhe, that made the wound, can cure me?
Divine Parthenia, *earths unvalued Jewell;*
Would thou hadſt been leſſe glorious, or leſſe cruell:
When firſt thine eyes did to theſe eyes appeare,
I read the hiſtory of my ruine there,
My neceſſary ruine: Heaven, nor hell
Can ſalve my ſores, by help of Prayer *or* ſpell;
Gods are unjuſt, and if, with charms, I haunt her,
Her eyes are counter-charms, t'inchant th'inchanter;
Why doe I thus exulcerate my diſeaſe?
By adding torments, hope I to finde eaſe?
Is not her cruelty enough, alone,
But muſt I bring freſh torments of my owne?
Chear up Demagoras: *'Tis a wiſe mans part*
Not to loſe all if his unpractis'd art
Serves not to gain: A Gameſter may not chooſe
His chance: It is ſome conqueſt not to looſe:
Look to thy ſelf: Let no injurious blaſt
Of cold deſpair chill thy green wounds too faſt
For time to cure: O, hope for no remiſſion
Of pain, till Cupid *ſend thee a* Phyſition:
She is a woman; if a woman, then
My title's good; Women were made for men:
She is a woman, though her heavenly brow

Write

Write Angel, *and may ſtoop, although not now;*
Women, by looks, will not be underſtood
Vntill their hearts adviſe with fleſh and blood:
She is a woman, There's no reaſon why,
But ſhe (perchance) may burn as well as I.
Move then, Demagoras, *let* Parthenia *know*
The ſtrength of her own beauty, in thy woe:
Fear not; what thou ador'ſt; begin to move,
Chris croſſe fore-runs the Alphabet *of love:*
Tis half perfected, what is once begun;
She is a woman; and ſhe muſt be wonne.

Like as a Swain, whoſe hands have made a vow,
And ſworn allegeance to the peacefull Plough,
Preſt out for ſervice in the Martiall campe,
At firſt (unentred) findes a liveleſſe dampe,
Beleagring every joynt; as often ſwounds
As here he views his ſword, or thinks of wounds;
At length (not finding any means for flying,
Switcht and ſpurd on with deſp'rate fear of dying)
He hews, he hacks, and in the midſt he goes,
And freſhly deals about his frantick blowes;
Even ſo *Demagoras*, whoſe unbred faſhion
Had never yet ſubſcrib'd to loves ſweet paſſion,
Being call'd a Combatant to *Cupids* field,
Trembles, and ſecretly reſolves to yeeld
The day without a parly, till at length,
Fiercely tranſported by th'untutor'd ſtrength
Of his own paſſion, he himſelf aſſures,
That deſp'rate torments muſt have deſp'rate cures;
And thus to the divine *Partheniaes* ears
Applies his ſpeech, devoid of doubts and fears;
Faireſt of creatures, if my ruder tongue,
To right it ſelf, ſhould doe your patience wrong,

And lawleſſe paſſion makes it too too free,
O blame your heavenly beauty and not me;
It was thoſe eyes, thoſe precious eyes that firſt
Enforc'd my tongue to ſpeak, or heart to burſt:
From thoſe dear eyes I firſt receiv'd that wound,
Which ſeeks for cure, and cannot be made ſound
But by the hand that ſtruck; To you alone,
I ſue for help, that elſe muſt hope for none:
Then crown my joyes, thou Antidote *of deſpair,*
And be as mercifull as thou art fair;
Nature, (the bounty of whoſe liberall hand
Made thee the jewell of the Arcadian-land*)*
Intended in ſo rare a prize, to boaſt
Her maſter-piece: Hid Jewels *are but loſt:*
Shine then, and rob not Nature of her due,
But honour her, as ſhe hath honour'd you:
Let not the beſt of all her works lie dead
In the nice Casket *of a Maidenhead:*
What ſhe would have reveal'd, O doe not ſmother,
Th'art made in vain, unleſſe thou make another:
Give me thy heart, and for that gift of thine,
Leſt thou ſhouldſt want a heart, Ile give thee mine,
As richly fraught with love, and laſting duty,
As thou with vertue, or thine eyes with beauty:
Why doſt thou frown? why does that heavenly brow
Not made for wrinkles, ſhew a wrinkle now?
Send forth thy brighter Sun-ſhine, and the while,
O lend me but the twilight of a ſmile:
Give me one amorous glance: why ſtandſt thou mute?
Diſcloſe thoſe ruby lips, and grant my ſuite:
Speak (love,) or if thy doubtfull mind be bent
To ſilence, let that ſilence be conſent:
Nor beg I love of alms, although in part,

My words may ſeem t'emplead my own deſert;
Diſdain me not, although my thoughts deſcend
Below themſelves, t' enjoy ſo fair a friend:
I, that have oft with tears been ſought to, ſue;
And Queens have been his ſervants, that ſerves you:
The beauties of all Greece *have been at ſtrife*
To win the name of great Demagoras *wife,*
And been deſpis'd, not worthy to obtain
So high an honour; what they ſought (in vain)
I here preſent thee with, as thine own due,
It being an honour fit for none but you:
Speak then (my love) and let thy lips make known
That I am either thine or not mine own.

Have you beheld when freſh *Aurora's* eye
Sends forth her early beams, and by and by
Withdraws the glory of her face, and ſhrowds
Her cheeks behind a ruddy maſk of clouds,
Which, who beleeve in *Erra Pater* ſay,
Preſages winde, and bluſtry ſtorms that day,
Such were *Partheniaes* looks; in whoſe fair face
Roſes and *Lillies*, late had equall place,
But now, twixt maiden baſhfulneſſe, and ſpleen,
Roſes appear'd, and *Lillies* were not ſeen:
She paus'd a while, till at the laſt, ſhe breaks
Her long kept angry ſilence, thus; and ſpeaks,

My Lord,
Had your ſtrong Oratory *but the Art,*
To make me conſcious of ſo great deſert,
As you perſwade, I ſhould be bound in duty
To praiſe your Rhet'rick *as you praiſe my beauty;*
Or if the frailty of my judgement could
Flatter my thoughts ſo groſly, as to hold

Your

Your words for currant, you might boldly dare
Count me as fooliſh, as you terme me faire.
If you vie Courtſhip, fortune knows that I
Have not ſo ſtrong a Game, to ſee the vye:
Alas my skill durſt never undertake
To play the game, where hearts be ſet at ſtake;
Needs muſt the loſſe be great, when ſuch have bin
Seldome obſerv'd to ſave themſelves, that win:
You crave my heart, My Lord, you crave withall,
Too great a miſchief; My poor heart's too ſmall
To fill the concave of ſo great a breſt,
Whoſe thoughts can ſcorn the amorous requeſt
Of love-ſick Queens, and can requite the vain,
And factious ſuits of Ladies with diſdain:
Stoop not ſo low beneath your ſelf (great Lord)
To love Parthenia: Shall ſo poor a word
Stain your fair lips, whoſe merits doe proclaime
A more tranſcendent fortune, then that name
Can give? Call down Joves winged Purſuivant,
And give his tongue the power to enchant
Some eaſie Goddeſſe, in your name, and treat
A marriage fitting ſo ſublime, ſo great
A minde as yours, and fill the fruitfull earth
With Heroes, ſprung from ſo divine a birth:
Partheniaes heart could never yet aſpire
So high: Her home-bred thoughts durſt ne'r deſire
So fond an honour, matcht with ſo great pride,
To hope for that, which Queens have been deny'd.
Be wiſe, my Lord; vouchſafe not to repeat
S'unfit a ſuit; Be wiſe as you are great:
Advance your noble thoughts: hazard no more
To wrack your fortunes on ſo fleet a ſhore,
That to the wiſer world, it may be known,

The leſſe y'are mine, the more you are your owne.
Like as a guilty priſoner, upon whom
Offended Juſtice lately paſt her doome,
Stands trembling by, and hopeleſſe to prevaile,
Bauls not for mercy; but to the loath'd *Iaile*
Dragges his ſad Irons, and from thence commends
A haſty ſuite to his ſelected friends,
That by the vertue of a quick *Reprieve*,
The wretch might have ſome few dayes more to live.
Even ſo *Demagoras*, whoſe rewounded heart
Had newly felt the unexpected ſmart
And ſecret burthen of a deſperate doome,
Replies not, takes no leave, but quits the roome;
And in his diſcontented mind, revolves
Ten thouſand thoughts; and, at the laſt, reſolves
What courſe to run, relying on no other
But the aſſiſtance of *Partheniaes* mother,
Forthwith his fierce miſguided paſſion drove
His wandering ſteps to the next neighbouring grove;
A keen Steeletto in his trembling hand
He rudely grip'd, upon his lips did ſtand
A milke-white froth; his eyes like flames; ſometimes
He curſes heaven; himſelfe; and then, the times;
Railes at the proud *Parthenia*; raves; deſpaires;
And from his head rends off his tangled haires;
Curſes the womb that bare him; bans the *Fates*,
And drunke with ſpleene, he thus deliberates:
Why dyeſt thou not, Demagoras, *when as death*
Lends thee a weapon? Can the whining breath
Of diſcontents and paſſion ſend reliefe
To thy diſtraction, or aſſwage thy griefe?
Why mov'ſt thou not the Gods? Or, rather, why
Do'ſt not contemne, and ſcorne their power, and die?

But ſtay! Of whom doſt thou complain? A woman.
To whom (fond man) doſt thou complain? A woman.
And ſhall a womans frowns have power to grieve thee?
Or ſhall a womans wanton ſmile relieve thee?
Fye fie, Demagoras, *ſhall a womans eye*
Prevail, to make the ſtout Demagoras *die,*
And leave to after times an entred name
Ith' Calender of fools? Rouze up for ſhame
Thy waſted ſpirits: whet thy ſpleen, and live
To be reveng'd: She, ſhe that would not give
Admittance to thy proferd love, muſt drink
The potion of thy hate: ſtir then the ſink
Of all thy paſſion; where thou canſt not gain
By fairer language, Tarquin-*like conſtrain.*
But hold thy hand, Demagoras, *and adviſe;*
Art gives advantage oft where force denies;
Suſpend thy fury: Make Partheniaes *mother*
Thy means: One Adamant will cut another:
Sweeten thy lips with amorous Oratory;
Affect her tender heart with the ſad ſtory
Of thy dear love; Extoll Partheniaes *beauty;*
But moſt of all, urge that deſerved duty
Thou ow'ſt her vertue, and make that the ground
Of thy firſt love, that gave thy heart the wound:
Mingle thy words with ſighs; and it is meet,
If thou canſt force a tear, to let her ſee't,
Againſt thy will. Let thy falſe tongue forbear
No vows, and though thou beeſt forſworn, yet ſwear:
If ere thy barren lips ſhall chance to pauſe,
For want of words; Parthenia *is the cauſe,*
Who hath benumm'd thy heart; if ere they goe
Beyond their liſts, Parthenia *made them ſo:*
Withall, be ſure, when ere thou ſhalt advance

The daughters vertues, let the glory glance
Vpon the prudent mother; Women care not
To hear too much of vertue if they ſhare not.
When thus thou haſt prepar'd her mêlting ear
To ſoft attention, cloſely, in the rear
Of thy diſcourſe, prefer thy ſad petition
That ſhe would pleaſe to favour the condition
Of a diſtreſſed lover, and afford
In thy behalf, a mothers timely word;
So ſhalt thou wrack thy vengeance by a wile,
And make the mother bawd to her own childe.

He pauſed not; but like a raſh projector
(Whoſe frantick paſſion was ſupream director)
Fixt his firſt thoughts, impatient of the ſecond,
Which might bin bettered by advice; and reckon'd
All time but loſt, which he beſtowed not
On th'execution of his hopefull plot:
Forthwith his nimble paces he divided
Towards the *Summer Palace*, where reſided
The fair *Partheniaes* mother, boldly enters,
And after mutuall complement adventers
To break the yce of his diſſembled grief;
Thus he complains, and thus he begs relief;

Madam,
The hopefull thriving of my ſuit depends
Vpon your goodneſſe, and it recommends
It ſelf unto your favour, from whoſe hand
It muſt have ſentence, or to fall, or ſtand;
Thrice three times hath the Soveraign of the night
Repaird her empty horns with borrowed light,
Since theſe ſad eyes, theſe beauty blaſted eyes
Were ſtricken by a light that did ariſe
From your bleſt womb, whoſe unaſſwaged ſmart

Hath pierc'd my ſoule, and wounded my poore heart;
It is the faire Parthenia, *whoſe divine*
And glorious vertue led theſe eyes of mine
To their owne ruine; Like a wanton flye,
I dallied with the flame of her bright eye,
Till I have burn'd my wings: O, if to love
Be held a ſinne; the guilty gods above
(Being fellow ſinners with us, and commit
The ſelfe ſame crimes) may eas'ly pardon it.
O thrice divine Parthenia, *that haſt got*
A ſacred priviledge which the gods have not,
If thou haſt doom'd that I ſhall be bereaven
Of my loath'd life, yet let me dye forgiven;
And welcome death that with one happy blow
Gives me more eaſe, then life could ever doe.
Madam, to whom ſhould my ſad words appeale
But you? Alas, to whom ſhould I reveale
My dying thoughts but unto you, that gave
Being to her, that hath the power to ſave
My waſted life; the language of a mother
Moves more then teares, that trickle from another.
With that a well diſſembled drop did ſlide
From his falſe eyes. The Lady thus reply'd:
My honourable Lord,
If my untimely anſwer hath prevented
Some farther words your paſsion would have vented,
Pardon my haſte, which in a ruder faſhion
Sought onely to divide you, from your paſsion:
The love you beare Parthenia *muſt claime*
The priviledge of mine eare, and in her name,
(Though from an abſent minde, as yet unknowne)
Returne I thankes, with intereſt of mine owne.
The little judgement, that the gods have lent

Her

Her downy yeares (though in a ſmall extent)
Does challenge the whole freedome of her choice,
In the reſignment of a mothers voice:
The ſprightly fancies of a Virgins minde
Enter themſelves, and hate to beconfinde;
The hidden Embers of a lovers fire
Deſire no bellowes, but their owne deſire;
And like to Dedalus *his forge, if blowne*
Burns dim and dies; blazes, if let alone;
Lovers affect without adviſement, that
Which being moſt perſwaded to, they hate.
My Lord, adiourne your paſsion, and refer
The fortune of your ſuite to time, and her.
Like to a Pinace *is a lovers minde,*
The Saile *his fancy is; a ſtorme of winde*
His uncontrouled paſsion; the Steare's
His reaſon; Rockes *and* Sands, *are doubts and feares;*
Your ſtorme being great, like a wiſe Pilot beare
But little Saile, and ſtoutly ply the Steare:
Leave then the violence of your thoughts to me
My Lord, too haſty gameſters overſee.
Goe, move Parthenia; *and let* Juno's *bleſsing*
Attend your hopefull ſuite, in the ſuppreſsing
Loves common evils; and if her warm deſire
Show but a ſparke, leave me to blow the fire.
Goe, loſe no time: Lovers muſt be laborious;
My Lord, goe proſperous and returne victorious.

With that, *Demagoras* (proſtrate on the ground,
As if his eares had heard that bleſſed ſound,
Wherewith the *Delphian* Oracle acquites
The accepted ſacrifice) performes the rites
Of quick devotion, to that heavenly voice,
Which fed his ſoule with the malignant joyes

Of vow'd revenge, up from the floor he ſtarts,
Bleſſes the tongue that bleſt him, and departs.
By this time, had the heaven-ſurrounding Steeds
Quell'd their proud courage, turn'd their fainting heads
Into the lower *Hemiſpheare*, to cool
Their flaming noſtrils in the Weſtern pool,
When as the dainty and mollitious aire
Had bid the Lady of the *Palace*, ſhare
In her refined pleaſures, and invited
Her gentle ſteps, fully to be delighted
In thoſe ſweet walks, where *Flora's* liberall hand
Had given more freely, then to all the Land.
There walked ſhe; and in her various mind,
Projects and caſts about which way to find
The progreſſe of the young *Partheniaes* heart;
Likes this way: then a ſecond thought does thwart
The firſt; likes that way; then a third the ſecond:
One while ſhe likes the match, and then ſhe reckon'd
Demagoras vertues: now her fear entices
Her thoughts to alter; then ſhe counts his vices:
Sometimes ſhe cals his vows and oaths to mind;
Another while, thinks oaths and words but wind.
She likes, diſlikes; her doubtfull thoughts doe vary;
Reſolves, and then reſolves the quite contrary:
One while ſhe fears that his malign aſpect
Will give the Virgin cauſe to diſaffect:
And then propounds to her ambitious thoughts
His wealth, the golden cover of all faults:
And, from the *Chaos* of her doubt, digeſts
Her fears; creates a world of wealth; and reſts.
With that, ſhe ſtraight unfixt her faſtned eyes
From off the ground; and looking up, eſpies
The fair *Parthenia*, in a lonely bowre,

Spending

Spending the treaſure of an evening houre:
There ſate ſhe, reading the ſweet-ſad diſcourſes
Of *Chariclea*'s love: the entercourſes
Of whoſe mixt fortunes taught her tender heart
To feel the ſelf-ſame joy, the ſelf-ſame ſmart:
She read, ſhe wept; and, as ſhe wept, ſhe ſmil'd,
As if her equall eyes had reconcil'd
Th'extreams of joy and griefe: ſhe clos'd the book,
Then open'd it, and with a milder look,
She pities lovers; muſing then a while,
She teaches ſmiles to weep; and tears to ſmile:
At length, her broken thoughts ſhe thus diſcovers:
Vnconſtant ſtate of poor diſtreſſed lovers!
Is all extream in love? No mean at all?
No draughts indifferent? Either honey or gall?
Hath Cupids *Vniverſe no temp'rate* Zone,
Either a torrid, or a frozen one?
Alas, alas, poor lovers! As ſhe ſpake
Thoſe words, from her diſcloſed lips there brake
A gentle ſigh; and after that another:
With that, ſteps in her unexpected mother.
Have ye beheld, when *Titans* luſtfull head
Hath newly div'd into the ſea-green bed
Of *Thetis*, how the baſhfull *Horizone*
(Enforc'd to ſee what ſhould be ſeen by none)
Looks red for ſhame, and bluſhes to diſcover
Th' inceſtuous pleaſures of the heaven-born lover?
So look'd *Parthenia*, when the ſudden eye
Of her unwelcome mother did deſcry
Her ſecret paſſion: The mothers ſmile
Brought forth the daughters bluſh; and levell coyle
They ſmil'd and bluſht; one ſmile begat another;
The daughter bluſht, becauſe the jealous mother

Smil'd

Smil'd on her; and the ſilent mother ſmilde,
To ſee the conſcious bluſhing of her childe:
At length, grown great with words, ſhe did awake
Her forced ſilence, and ſhe thus beſpake;

Bluſh not, my faireſt daughter: Tis no ſhame
To pity lovers, or lament that flame,
Which worth and beauty kindles in the breſt:
Tis charity to ſuccour the diſtreſt.
The diſpoſition of a generous heart
Makes every griefe her own; at leaſt, beares part.
What marble, ah what adamantine eare
Ere heard the flames of Troy, *without a teare?*
Much more the ſcorching of a lovers fire,
(Whoſe deſperate fewell is his own deſire)
May boldly challenge every gentle heart
To be joyntenant in his ſecret ſmart.
Why doſt thou bluſh? why did thoſe pearly teares
Slide down? Feare not: this arbour hath no eares;
Here's none but we; ſpeake then: It is no ſhame
To ſhed a teare; thy mother did the ſame:
Say; hath the winged wanton, with his dart,
Sent ere a meſſage to thy wounded heart?
Speake, in the name of Hymen *I conjure thee;*
If ſo, I have a Balſam *ſhall recure thee;*
I feare, I feare, the young Laconian *Lord*
Hath lately left ſome indigeſted word
In thy cold ſtomack; which, for want of art,
I doubt, I doubt, lyes heavy at thy heart:
If that be all, revealing brings reliefe;
Silence in love but multiplies a griefe:
Hid ſorrow's deſperate, not to be indur'd,
Which being but diſclos'd, is eaſly cur'd:
Perchance thou lov'ſt Demagoras, *and wouldſt ſmother*

Thy

Thy close affection from thy angry mother,
And reape the dainty fruites of love unseen;
I did the like, or thou hadst never been;
Stolne goods are sweetest: If it be thy minde
To love in secret, I will be as blinde
As he that wounded thee; or if thou dare
Acquaint thy mother, then a mothers care
Shall be redoubled, till thy thoughts acquire
The sweet fruition of thy choice desire:
Thou lov'st Demagoras; *If thy lips deny,*
Thy conscious heart must give thy lips the lye:
And if thy liking countermand my will,
Thy punishment shall be to love him still:
Then love him still, and let his hopes inherit
The crowne belonging to so faire a merit;
His thoughts are noble, and his fame appears
To speake, at least, an age above his yeares;
The blood of his increasing honour springs
From the high stock of the Arcadian *Kings:*
The gods have blest him with a liberall hand,
Enricht him with the prime of all the land:
Honour and wealth attend his gates, and what
Can he command that he possesses not?
All which, and more, (if mothers can divine)
The fortune of thy beauty hath made thine:
He is thy Captive, and thy conquering eyes
Have tooke him prisoner: he submits, and lyes
At thy deare mercy hoping ne'r to be
Ransom'd from death, by any price, but thee.
Wrong not thy selfe, in being too too nice,
And what (perchance) may not be proffer'd twice,
Accept at first: It is a foolish minde
To be too coy: Occasion's *bald behinde.*

Tis not the common mark of every day
T'afford ſuch offers; Take them while you may,
Times alter: youth and beauty are but blaſts;
Vſe then thy time, whilſt youth and beauty laſts:
For if that loath'd and infamous reproach
Of a ſtale maid, but offer to incroach
Vpon opinion, th'art in eſtimation,
Like garments kept till they be out of faſhion:
Thy worth, thy wit, thy vertues all muſt ſtand
Like goods at out-cries, priz'd at ſecond hand;
Reſolve thee then, to enlarge thy Virgin life
With th'honourable freedome of a wife;
And let the fruits of that bleſt marriage be
A living pledge betwixt my Child and me.

So ſaid; The faire *Parthenia* (in whoſe heart
Her ſtrong affection yet had got the ſtart
Of her obedience) makes a ſudden pauſe,
Strives with her thoughts; objects the binding lawes
Of filiall duty to her beſt affection,
Sometimes ſubmits unto her own election,
Sometimes unto her mothers: thus divided
In her diſtracted fancy, ſometimes guided
By one deſire, and ſometimes by another,
She thus reply'd to her attentive mother:

Madam,
Think not Parthenia, *under a pretence*
Of ſilence, ſtudies diſobedience:
Or by the crafty ſlowneſſe of reply,
Borrowes a quick advantage to deny:
It lies not in your power, to command
Beyond my will: unto your tender hand
I here ſurrender up that little All
You gave me, freely to diſpoſe withall:

The gods forbid, Parthenia *should resist*
What you command, command you what you list:
But pardon me, the young Laconian *Lord*
Hath made assault, but never yet could bourd
This heart of mine: I wept, I wept indeed,
But my misconstred streames did ne'r proceed
From Cupids *spring: This blubber'd book makes known*
Whose griefes I wept; I wept not for mine owne;
My lowly thoughts durst never yet aspire
The least degree, towards the proud desire
Of so great honour, to be call'd his wife
For whom ambitious Queenes have been at strife;
He su'd for love, and strongly did importune
My heart, more pleased with a meaner fortune;
My brest was marble, and my heart forgot
All pity; for indeed, I lov'd him not:
But Madame; you, to whose more wise directions
I bend the stoutest of my rash affections,
You have commanded, and your will shall be
The squire of my uneven desires, and me;
I'le practise duty, and my deed shall show it;
I'le practice love, though Cupid *never know it.*

When great *Basilius* (he whose princely hand
Nourisht long peace in the *Arcadian* land)
With triumph, brought to his renowned *Court*
His new espoused *Queen*, was great resort
Of forraine States, and Princes, to behold
The truth, that unbeleev'd report hath told
Of faire *Gynecia's* worth: Thither repair'd
The *Cyprian* Nobles, richly all prepar'd
In warlike furniture, and well addrest,
With solemne Jousts to glorifie the feast
Of marriage royall, lately past between

Th' *Arcadian* King, and his thrice noble *Queen*,
The faire *Gynecia*; in whoſe face and breſt,
Nature, and curious art had done their beſt,
To ſumme that rare perfection, which (in briefe)
Tranſcends the power of a ſtrong beliefe;
Her Syre was the *Cyprian* King, whoſe fame
Receiv'd more honour from her honour'd name,
Then if he had, with his victorious hand,
Unſceptred halfe the Princes in the land:
To tell the glory of this royall Feaſt,
The *Bridegroomes* ſtate, and how the *Bride* was dreſt;
The princely ſervice, and the rare delights;
The ſeverall names and worth, of Lords and Knights;
The quaint *Impreſa's*, their deviſefull ſhowes;
Their Martiall ſports, their oft redoubled blowes;
The courage of this Lord, or that proud horſe;
Who ran; who got the better, who, the worſe,
Is not my taske; nor lies it in my way,
To make relation of it: *Heraulds* may:
Yet fame and honour have ſelected one
From that illuſtrious crue; and him alone
Have recommended to my carefull quill,
Forbidding that his honour ſhould lie ſtill
Among the reſt, whom fortune and his ſpirit,
That day, had crowned with a victors merit,
His name was *Argalus*; In *Cyprus* borne:
And (if what is not ours, may adorne
Our proper fortunes) his blood royall ſprings
From th'ancient ſtock of the great *Cyprian* Kings:
His outſide, had enough to ſatisfie
The expectation of a curious eye:
Nature was too too prodigall of her beauty,
To make him halfe ſo faire, whom fame and duty

He

He ought to honour, call'd so often forth,
T'approve the excellence of his manly worth:
His minde was richly furnisht with the treasure
Of morall knowledge, in so liberall measure,
Not to be proud: So valiant and so strong
Of noble courage not to dare a wrong:
Friendly to all men, inward but with few;
Fast to his old friends, and unapt for new:
Lord of his word, and master of his passion,
Serious in businesse, choice in recreation:
Not too mistrustfull, and yet wisely wary;
Hard to resolve, and then as hard to vary:
And to conclude, the world could hardly finde
So rare a body with so rare a minde.

Thrice had the bright surveyor of the heaven
Divided out the dayes and nights by eaven
And equall howers, since this child of fame
(Invited by the glory of her name,)
First view'd *Parthenias* face, whose mutuall eye
Shot equall flames, and with the secret tye
Of undisclos'd affection, joyn'd together
Their yeelding hearts, their loves unknown to either:
Both dearly lov'd: the more they strove to hide
Their love, affection they the more descride.
It lies beyond the power of art to smother
Affection, where one vertue findes another.
One was their thoughts, and their desires one,
And yet both lov'd, unknown; belov'd, unknown:
One was the *Dart*, that at the self same time
Was sent, that wounded her, that wounded him:
Both hop'd, both fear'd alike, both joy'd, both griev'd;
Yet, where they both could help, was none reliev'd:
Two lov'd, and two beloved were, yet none

But two in all, and yet that *all* but one.
By this time had their barren lips betraid
Their timerous ſilence; now they had diſplaid
Loves ſanguine colours, whilſt the winged *child*
Sate in a tree, and clapt his hands; and ſmil'd
To ſee the combat of two wounded friends.
He ſtrikes and wounds himſelfe, while ſhe defends
That would be wounded, for her paine proceeds,
And flowes from his, and from his wound, ſhe bleeds;
She plaies at him, and aiming at his breſt,
Pierc'd her owne heart: and when his hand addreſt
The blow to her faire boſome, there it found
His owne deare heart, and gave that heart the wound:
At length both conquer'd, and yet both did yeeld,
Both loſt the day, and yet both won the field:
And as the warfare of their tongues did ceaſe,
Their lips gave earneſt of a joyfull peace.
But O the hideous chances that attend
A lovers progreſſe, to his journies end!
How many deſp'rate rubs, and dangers wait
Each minute, on his miſerable ſtate!
His hopes doe build, what ſtraight his feares deſtroy:
Sometimes, he ſurfeits with exceſſe of joy:
Sometimes deſpairing ere to find reliefe,
He rores beneath the tyranny of griefe;
And when loves current runnes with greateſt force,
Some obvious miſchiefe ſtill diſturbs the courſe.
For lo, no ſooner the diſcovered flame
Of theſe new parted lovers did proclaime
Loves ſacred *Jubile*; but the Virgins Mother
(The poſture of whoſe viſage did diſcover
Some ſerious matter, harb'ring in her breſt)
Enters the roome; Halfe angry, halfe in jeſt,

Shee

Shee thus began: *My dearest childe, this night,*
When as the silent darknesse did invite
Mine eyes to slumber, sundry thoughts possest
My troubled minde, and rob'd me of my rest;
I slept not, till the early bugle horne
Of Chaunticlere *had summon'd in the Morne*
T'attend the Light, and nurse the new born Day;
At last, when Morpheus, *with his leaden key*
Had lockt my sense, and enlarg'd the power
Of my heaven-guided fancy, for an houre
I slumber'd; and before my slumbring eyes,
One, and the selfe same dreame presented thrice;
I wak'd, and being frighted at the vision,
Perceiv'd the gods had made an apparition:
My dreame was this: Me thought I saw thee sitting
Drest like a princely Bride, with robes befitting
The state of Majesty; thy Nymph-like haire
Loosely dishevel'd, and thy browes did beare
A Cypresse *wreath; and (thrice three moneths expir'd)*
Thy pregnant womb grew heavy and requir'd
Lucina's *aid: with that, me thought I saw*
A teame of harnest Peacocks *fiercely draw*
A fiery Chariot *from the flitting skie,*
Wherein there sate the glorious Majesty
Of great Saturnia, *on whose traine attended*
A hoast of Goddesses; Juno *descended*
From out the flaming Chariot, *and blest*
Thy painefull womb: Thy paines a while encreast,
At length she laid her gentle palmes upon
Thy fruitfull flanke, and there was borne a son:
She made thee mother of a smiling boy,
And after, blest thee with a mothers joy,
She kist the Babe, *whose fortune she foretold;*

For

For on his head she set a crowne of Gold;
Forthwith, as if the heavens had cloaven in sunder,
Me thought I heard the horrid noise of thunder;
The hail storm'd downe, and yet the skie was cleare,
Some hailstones that descended did appeare
As Orient pearles, some like refined gold,
Whereat the Goddesse turn'd, and said; Behold,
Great Jove *hath sent a gift: goe forth, and take't;*
Thus having spoke, she vanisht, and I wak'd:
I wak'd; and waking trembled; for I knew
They were no idle passages, that grew
From my distempered thoughts: twas not a vaine
Delusion roaving from a troubled braine;
It was a vision; and the Gods forespake
Partheniaes *fortune: Gods cannot mistake.*
I lik'd the dreame; wherein the heavens foretold
Thy joyfull mariage; and the shower *of* gold
Betokened wealth; The Infants golden Crowne,
Ensuing honour: Juno's *comming downe,*
A safe deliverance; and the smiling Boy
Summ'd up the totall of a mothers joy:
But what the wreath of Cypresse (*that was set*
Vpon thy nuptiall browes) *presag'd, as yet*
The gods keep from me: if that secret doe
Portend an evill, heaven keep it from thee too.
Advise Parthenia: *seeke not to withstand*
The plot wherein the gods vouchsafe a hand;
Submit thy will to theirs; what they enjoyne,
Must be; nor lies it in my power, or thine
To contradict: Endeavour to fulfill
What, else, must come to passe against thy will:
Now by the filiall duty thou dost beare
The gods and me, or if ought else more deare

Can force odedience; as thou hop'ſt to ſpeed
At the Gods hands, in greateſt time of need;
By heaven, by hell, by all the powers above,
I here conjure Parthenia *to remove*
All fond conceits, that labour to disjoyne
What heaven hath knit, Demagoras *heart and thine;*
The gods are faithfull : and their wiſedomes know
What's better for us mortals, then we doe;
Doubt not (my child) the gods cannot deceive;
What heaven does offer, feare not to receive
With thankfull hands : paſſe not ſo ſlightly over
The deare affection of ſo true a lover;
Pity his flames; relieve his tortur'd breſt,
That finds abroad no joy, at home no reſt;
But, like a wounded Hart before the hounds,
That flies, with Cupids *javelin in his wounds :*
Stir up thy rak't up embers of deſire,
The Gods will bring in fewell and blow the fire;
Be gentle; let thy cordiall ſmiles revive
His waſted ſpirits, that onely cares to live
To doe thee honour : It was Cupids *will,*
The Dart *he ſent, ſhould onely wound, not kill;*
Yeeld then : and let th' engaged gods powre down
Their promis'd bleſſings on thy head, and crowne
Thy youth with joyes : and mayſt thou after be
As bleſt in thine; as I am bleſt in thee.

So ſaid: the faire *Parthenia*, to whoſe heart
Her fixt deſires had taught th' unwilling Art
Of diſobedience, calls her judgment in,
And, of two evils, determines it a ſinne
More veniall, by a reſolute deniall,
To prove undutifull, then be diſloyall
To him, whoſe heart a ſacred vow had tyed

So faſt to hers; and (weeping) thus replyed;

Madam,

The angry gods have late conſpir'd to ſhow
The utmoſt their enraged hands could doe,
And having laid aſide all mercy, ſtretch
Their power, to make one miſerable wretch,
Whoſe curſt and tortur'd ſoule muſt onely be
The ſubject of their wrath; and I am ſhe.
Hard is the caſe! my deare deſires muſt faile,
My vowes muſt crack; my plighted faith be fraile;
Or elſe affection muſt be ſo exil'd
A mothers heart, that ſhe renounce her child.

And as ſhe ſpake that word, a flowing tide
Of teares guſht out, whoſe violence deny'd
Th'intended paſſage of her doubling tongue:
She ſtopt a while, then on the floore ſhe flung
Her proſtrate body, while her hands did teare
(Not knowing what they did) her dainty haire;
Sometimes ſhe ſtruck the ground, ſometimes her breſt;
Began ſome words, and then wept out the reſt;
At laſt, her liveleſſe hands did, by degrees,
Raiſe her caſt body on her feeble knees,
And humbly rearing her ſad eyes upon
Her mothers frowning viſage, thus went on.

Vpon theſe knees, theſe knees that ne'r were bent
To you in vaine: that never did preſent
Their unrewarded duty: never roſe
Without a mothers bleſſing; upon thoſe,
Vpon thoſe naked knees I recommend
To your deare thoughts, thoſe torments that attend
Your poor Parthenia, *whoſe unknown diſtreſſe*
Craves rather death, then language to expreſſe.
What ſhall I doe? Demagoras *and death*

Sound

Sound both alike to these sad eares; that breath
That names the one, does nominate the other:
No, no, I cannot love him, my deare mother.
Command Parthenia *now to undergoe*
What death you please, and these quick hands shall shew
The seale of my obedience in my heart:
The gods themselves, that have a secret art
To force affection, cannot violate
The lawes of Nature or the course of Fate.
Can earth forget her burthen, and ascend?
Or can th' aspiring flames be taught to tend
To th' earth? If fire descend, and earth aspire,
Earth were no longer earth, nor fire, fire:
Even so, by nature, 'tis all one to me,
To love Demagoras *and not to be:*
No, no, the heavens can doe no act that's greater,
Then (having made so) to preserve their creature:
And think you that the righteous gods will fill me
VVith such false joys, as (if enjoy'd) would kill me?
I know that they are mercifull, what they
Command, they give a power to obey.
The joyfull Vision *that your slumbring eyes*
Of late beheld, did promise and comprise
A fairer fortune, then the heavens can share
The poore Partheniaes *merit; whom despaire*
Hath swallow'd: Your prophetick dreame descride
A royall marriage; pointed out the Bride:
Her safe deliverance; and her smiling sonne;
Honour and wealth; and after all was done,
There wants a Bridegroom: *him, the heavens have seal'd*
Within my brest, by me, to be reveal'd;
VVhich if your patience shall vouchsafe to heare,
My lips shall recommend unto your eare.

When as Basilius(*may whose royall hand*
Long sway the scepter of th' Arcadian *Land*)
From Cyprus *brought his more then Princely Bride,*
The faire Gynecia, (*whom as* Greece *denide*
An equall; so the world acknowledg'd none
As her superiour in perfection:)
Vpon this Ladies royall traine, and state,
A great concourse of Nobles did await,
And Cyprian *Princes, with their Princely port,*
To see her crown'd in the Arcadian *Court;*
Illustrious Princes were they, but as farre
As midnight Phebe outshines a twinkling starre,
So far, amongst this rout of Princes, one
Surpast the rest, in honour and renown:
Whose perfect vertue finds more admiration
In the Arcadian *Court, then imitation:*
In th'ex'lence of his outward parts, and feature,
The world conceives, the curious hand of Nature
Out-went it selfe: which being richly fraught
And furnisht with transcendent worth, is thought
To be the chosen fortresse for protection
Of all the Arts, *and store-house of* perfection:
The Cyprus *stock did ne'r, till now, bring forth*
So rare a Branch, *whose undervalued worth*
Brings greater glory to the Arcadian *Land,*
Then can the dull Arcadians *understand:*
His name is Argalus:
He(*Madam*)*was that* Cypresse wreath, *that crown'd*
My nuptiall brows: And now the Bridegroom's *found,*
Cloth'd in the mystry of that Cypresse wreath;
Which, since the better gods have pleas'd to breath
Into my soule, O may I cease to be,
If ought but death part Argalus *and me:*

Yet

Yet does my ſafe obedience not withſtand
What you deſire, or what the gods command:
For what the gods command is your deſire
Parthenia *ſhould obey; and not reſpire*
Againſt their ſacred counſels, or withſtand
The plot, wherein they have vouchſaf'd a hand:
We muſt ſubmit our wills; that they enjoyne,
Muſt be; nor lies it in your power or mine,
To croſſe: we muſt endeavour to fulfill
What elſe muſt come to paſſe againſt our will;
My vows are paſt, and ſecond heavens decree,
Nothing ſhall part my Argalus *and me.*
So ſaid; th'impatient mothers kindled eye
(Halfe cloſed with a murtherous frowne) let flye
A Scorching fireball, from whence was ſhed
Some drops of choler; ſternly ſhakes her head;
With trembling hands unlocks the doore, and flees,
Leaving *Parthenia* on her aking knees:
And as ſhe fled, her fury thus began
To open, *And is Argalus the man?*
But there ſhe ſtops; and ſtriving to expreſſe
What rage had prompted, could doe nothing leſſe.
All you whoſe deare affections have been toſt
In Cupids blanket, *and unjuſtly croſt*
By wilfull Parents, whoſe extreame command
Have made you groane beneath their tyrannous hand,
That take a furious pleaſure to divorſe
Your ſoules from your beſt thoughts, (nay what is worſe
Then torture) force your fancies to reſpect,
And dearely love, whom moſt you diſaffect;
Draw near, and comfort the diſtreſſed heart
Of poore Parthenia; *let your eyes impart*
One drop at leaſt: And whoſoe're thou be

That read'ſt theſe lines, may thy deſires ſee
The like ſucceſſe, if reading, thou forbeare,
To wet this very paper with a teare.
Behold (poore Lady) how an howers time
Hath pluck't her faded roſes from their prime,
Who like an unregarded ruine, lies,
With deaths untimely image in her eyes:
She, ſhe, whō hopefull thoughts had newly crownd
With promis'd joyes, lies grov'ling on the ground;
Her weary hand ſuſtaines her drooping head;
(*Too ſoft a pillow for ſo hard a bed*)
Her eyes ſwolne up, as loath to ſee the light,
That would diſcover ſo forlorne a ſight:
The flaxen wealth of her neglected haires
Stick faſt to her pale cheeks with dried teares;
And at firſt bluſh, ſhe ſeemes, as if it were
Some curious ſtatue on a Sepulchre:
Sometimes her briny lips would whiſper thus,
My Argalus, my deareſt Argalus:
And then they clos'd againe, as if the one
Had kiſt the other, for that ſervice done,
In naming *Argalus*: ſometimes oppreſt
With a deepe ſigh, ſhe gave her fainting breſt
A ſudden ſtroke; and after that another,
Crying, *Hard fortune, O hard-hearted mother!*
And ſick with her owne thoughts, her paſſion ſtrove
Betwixt the two extreames of griefe and love:
The more ſhe griev'd, the more her love abounded;
The more ſhe lov'd, the more her heart was wounded
With deſp'rate griefe: at length, the tyrannous force
Of love and griefe, ſent forth this ſelfe-diſcourſe:
How art thou chang'd, (Parthenia) how hath paſſion
Put all thy thoughts and ſenſes out of faſhion?

Exil'd

Exil'd thy little judgement, and betray'd thee
To thine owne ſelfe? How nothing hath it made thee?
How is thy weather-beaten ſoule oppreſt
With ſtormes and tempeſts blown from the Northeaſt
Of cold deſpaire? which, long ere this, had found
Eternall reſt; had been orewhelm'd and drown'd
In the deep gulfe of all my miſeries,
Had I not pumpt this water from mine eyes;
My Argalus; *O where, O where art thou?*
Thou little think'ſt thy poore Parthenia, *now,*
Is tortur'd for thy ſake; alas, (deare heart!)
Thou knoweſt not the unſufferable ſmart
I undergoe for thee: thou doſt not keep
A Regiſter of thoſe ſad teares I weep,
No, no, thou doſt not.
Well, well; from henceforth, Fortune, *doe not ſpare*
To doe the worſt thy active miſchiefe dare;
Deviſe new torments, or repeat the old,
Vntill thou burſt, or I complain: Be bold,
As bitter; I diſdaine thy rage, thy power;
Who's levell'd with the earth, can fall no lower;
Doe; ſpit thy venome forth, and temper all
Thy ſtudied actions with the ſpirit of gall:
Thy practiſ'd malice can no charme deviſe
Too ſure for Argalus *to exerciſe;*
His love ſhall ſweeten death, and make a torture
My ſportfull paſtime, to make houres ſhorter:
His love ſhall fill my heart, and leave no roome
Wherein your rage may practice Martyrdome.
But ere that word could uſher out another,
The tender Virgins marble-hearted mother,
Enters the chamber; with a chang'd aſpect
Beholds *Parthenia*, with a new reſpect

Salutes

Salutes her child, and(having clos'd the doore)
Her helpfull arme removes her from the floore
Whereon she lay; and being set together,
In gentle termes, she thus did commune with her;
Perverse Parthenia, *is thy heart so sworne*
To Argalus *his love, that it must scorne*
Demagoras? *Are your soules conjoyn'd so close,*
That my entreaty may not interpose?
If so, what help? yet let a mothers care
Be not contemn'd, that bids her child beware.
The sickle that's too earely, cannot reape
A fruitfull harvest: looke before you leape:
Adjourne your thoughts, and make a wise delay,
You cannot measure vertue in a day;
Vertues appeare, but vices balk the light;
Tis hard to read a vice at the first sight.
False are those joyes that are not mixt with doubt,
Fire easily kindled, will not easily out:
Divide that love, which thou bestow'st on one,
Twixt two; try both; then take the best or none:
Consult with time: for time bewrayes, discovers
The faith, the love, the constancy of lovers.
Acts done in haste, by leisure are repented,
And things, soone past, are oft too late lamented.
With that *Parthenia*, rising from her place,
And bowing with incomparable grace,
Made this reply; *Madam, each severall day*
Since first you gave this body being, may
Write a large volume of your tender care,
Whose hourely goodnesse if it should compare
With my deserts, alas, the world would show
Too great a summe for one poore heart to owe.
I must confesse my heart is not so sworne

To Argalus *his merit, as to ſcorne*
Demagoras; *nor yet ſo looſely tyde,*
That I can ſlip the knot, and ſo divide
Entire affection, which muſt not be ſever'd,
Nor ever can be (but in vaine) endeavour'd:
My heart is one, and by one power guided;
One is no number, cannot be divided:
And Cupids *learned Schoolemen have reſolv'd,*
That love divided is but love diſſolv'd;
But yet, what plighted faith and honour may
Not now undoe, your counſell ſhall delay.
Madam, Partheniaes *hand is not ſo greedy,*
To reape her corne, before her corne be ready:
Her unadviſed ſickle ſhall not thruſt
Into her hopefull Harveſt, ere needs muſt:
To yours, Parthenia *ſhall ſubmit her skill,*
Whoſe ſeaſon ſhall be ſeaſon'd by your will:
Her time of Harveſt ſhall admit no meaſure
But onely what's proportioned by your pleaſure.
So ended ſhe; But till that darkneſſe got
The maſtry of the light, they parted not:
The mother pleads for the *Laconian* Lord;
The daughter (whoſe inpatience had abhor'd
His very name, had not her mother ſpok't)
She pleads her vow, which cannot be revok't:
Yet ſtill the mother pleads, and does omit
No way untry'd, that a hard hearted wit
Knowes to deviſe; perſwades, allures, intreates,
Mingles her words with ſmiles, wᵗʰ teares, wᵗʰ threats
Commands, conjures, tries one way, tries another,
Does th'utmoſt that a marble-breaſted mother
Can doe; and yet the more ſhe did apply,
The more ſhe taught *Parthenia* to deny;

The more ſhe did aſſault, the more contend;
The more ſhe taught the Virgin to defend:
At laſt, deſpairing (for her words did finde
More hopes to move a mountaine, then her minde)
She ſpake no more; but from her chaire ſhe ſtarted,
And ſpit theſe words, *Goe peeviſh Girle*, and parted:
Away ſhe flings, and finding no ſucceſſe
In her loſt words, her fury did addreſſe
Her raging thoughts to a new ſtudied plot;
Actions muſt now enforce, what words could not.
Treaſon is in her thoughts; her furious breath
Can whiſper now no language, under death;
Poore *Argalus* muſt die, and his remove
Muſt make the paſſage to *Demogaras* love:
And till that barre be broken, or put by,
No hope to ſpeed; Poore *Argalus* muſt die.
Demogoras is call'd to counſell now,
Conſults, conſents; and after mutuall vow,
Reſolving on the act, they both conſpire
Which way to execute their cloſe deſire:
Drawing his keene *Steeletto* from his ſide,
Madam (ſaid he) *this medicine well applide*
To Argalus his boſome, will give reſt
To him, and me; the ſudden way is beſt.
My Lord; your trembling hand (ſaid ſhe) *may miſſe*
The marke, and then your ſelfe in danger is
Of out-cry; or perchance his own reſiſtance:
Attempts are dangerous, at ſo ſmall a diſtance:
A Drugg's *the better weapon, which does breath*
Deaths ſecret errand, carries ſudden death
Clos'd up in ſweetneſſe: Come, a drugge *ſtrikes ſure,*
And works our ends, and yet we ſleep ſecure;
My Lord, bethink no other; ſet your reſt

Vpon

Vpon these Cards; *the surest way is best:*
Leave me to manage our successfull plot,
And if these studious browes contrive it not
Too sure for art of Magick *to prevent,*
Ne'r trust a womans wit when fully bent
To take revenge: Be gone, my Lord, Repose
The trust in me: Onely be wise, be close.
That night, when as the universall shade
Of the unspangled heaven, and earth, had made
An utter darkenesse; (darkenesse apt to further
The horrid enterprise of rapes, and murther)
Shee, she, that now lacks nothing to procure
A full revenge, she cals *Athleia* to her,
(*Partheniaes* handmaid) whom she thus bespake:
Athleia, *dare thy privates thought partake*
With mine? Canst thou be secret? Has thy heart
A lock, that none can pick by theevish art,
Or break by force? tell me, canst thou digest
A secret, trusted to thy faithfull breast?
Madam, (said she) *Let me be never true*
To my own thoughts, if ever false to you:
Speake what you please; Athleia *shall conceale;*
Torments may make me roare, but ne'r reveale.
Reply'de the Lady then: Athleia *knowes*
How much, how much my deare affection owes
Partheniaes *heart, whose welfare is the crown*
Of all my joyes, which now is overthrown
And deeply buried in forgotten dust,
If thou betray the secret of my trust;
It lyeth in thy power to remove
Approaching evils: Parthenia *is in love:*
Her wasted spirits languish in her brest,
And nought, but look'd for death, can give her rest;

Tis Argalus *she loves; who with disdaine*
Requites her love, not loving her againe;
He slights her teares: the more that he neglects;
The more entirely shee (poore soule) affects:
Shee groanes beneath the burthen of despaire,
And with her sighes she cloyes the idle ayre:
Thou art acquainted with her private feares,
And you, so oft exchanging tongues and teares,
Must know too much, for one poore heart t'endure;
But desperate's the wound admits no cure:
It lies in thee to help: Athleia, *say,*
Wilt thou assist me, if I finde the way?
Madame, my forced ignorance shall be
Sufficient earnest for my secrecy:
Your lips have utter'd nothing that is new
To Athleia's *eares: Alas, it is too true:*
Long, long ere this, your servant had reveal'd
The same to you, had not these lips been seal'd:
But if my best endeavours may extend
To bring my Ladies sorrowes to an end,
Let all th'enraged Deities *allot*
To me worse torment, if I doe it not:
My life's too poore to hazard for her ease;
Madam, Ile doe't, Command me what you please.
So said, the treacherous Lady stept aside,
Into her serious closet; and applide
Her hasty, and perfidious hands, to frame
This forged Letter, in *Partheniaes* name.

To her faithfull *Argalus*.

ALthough the malice of a mother
Does yet enforce my tongue to smother
What my desire is, should flame;
Yet Partheniae's *the same.* *Al-*

Although my fire be hid a while,
Tis but fire ſlak'd with eyle:
Before ſeven Suns ſhall riſe and fall,
It ſhall burne, and blaze withall.

What I ſend thee, drinke with ſpeed,
Elſe let my Argalus *take heed;*
Vnleſſe thy providence withſtand,
There is treaſon near at hand;
Drinke as thou lov'ſt me, and it ſhall ſecure thee
From future dangers; or from paſt, recure thee.
Thy conſtant *Parthenia.*

This done, and ſeal'd, ſhe op'd her private doore,
Call'd in *Athleia*, and ſaid; *For every ſore*
The Gods provide a ſalve; force muſt prevaile
Where ſighes and teares, and deep entreaties faile.
Forthwith, from out her Cabinet ſhe tooke
A little glaſſe, and ſaid; *Athleia, look,*
Within theſe ſlender wals, theſe glazed liſts,
Partheniaes *happineſſe, and life conſiſts:*
It is Nepenthe; *which the factious gods*
Doe uſe to drink, when ere they be at ods;
Whoſe ſecret vertue (ſo infus'd by Jove)
Does turne deep hatred, into deareſt love;
It makes the proudeſt lover whine and baule,
And ſuch to dote, as never lov'd at all;
Here, take this glaſſe, and recommend the ſame
To Argalus *in his* Partheniaes *name,*
And to his hand, to his owne hand commit
This Letter; Betweene Argalus *and it*
Let no eye come: Be ſure thy ſpeed prevent
The riſing Sun; and ſo heavens crown th'event.
By this, the feather'd *Belman* of the night

Sent forth his midnight ſummons, to invite
All eyes to ſlumber; when they both addreſt
Their thoughtfull minds, to take a doubtfull reſt.
O heavens! and you, O you celeſtiall powers,
That never ſlumber, but imploy all howers
In mans protection; ſtill preſerving, keeping
Our ſoules from obvious dangers, waking, ſleeping,
O, can your all-diſcerning eyes behold
Such impious actions proſper uncontroll'd?
O can your hearts, your tender hearts endure
To ſee your ſervant (that now ſleepes ſecure,
Vnarm'd, unwarn'd, and having no defence,
But your protection, and his innocence)
Betray'd and murther'd, drawing at one breath
His own prepar'd deſtruction, his own death?
And will ye ſuffer't? he that is the crown
Of prized vertue, honour and renown;
The flower of Arts; the Cyprian *living ſtory:*
Arcadia's *Girland, and great* Greeces *glory;*
The earths new wonder, and the worlds example,
Muſt dye betray'd; treaſon and death muſt trample
Vpon his life; and, in the duſt muſt lie
As much admir'd perfection, as can die.
No, Argalus, *the coward hand of death*
Durſt ne'r aſſault thee, if not underneath
The maſk of love: thou art above the reach
Of open wrongs; mans force could ne'r make breach
Into thy life: no, Death could ne'r uncaſe
Thy ſoule, had ſhe appeared face to face.
Dreame, Argalus, *and let thy thoughts be troubled*
With murthers, treaſons, let thy dreames be doubled:
And what thy frighted fancy ſhall perceive,
Be wiſely ſuperſtitious, and beleeve.

O,

O, that my lines could wake thee now, and ſever
Thoſe eye-lids, that ere long muſt ſleep for ever:
Wake now or never Argalus, *and withſtand*
Thy danger: Wake, the murtheresſe is at hand:
Parthenia, *oh* Parthenia, *who ſhall weep*
Thy world of teares? Canſt thou, O canſt thou ſleep?
Will thy dull Genius give thee leave to ſlumber?
Does nothing trouble thee? no dreame incumber
Thy frighted thoughts, and Argalus *ſo neare*
His lateſt hower? Not one dreaming teare?
Sleep on: and when thy flattering ſlumber's paſt,
Perchance, thine eyes will learn to weep as faſt:
His death is plotted; And this morning light
Muſt ſend him down, into eternall night:
Nay what is worſe then worſt; His dying breath
Will cenſure thee, as Agent *in his death.*

By this, the broad-fac'd *Quiriſter* of night
Surceas'd her ſcreeching note, and rooke her flight
To the next neighbouring Ivy: Birds and beaſts
Forſake the warm protections of their neaſts,
And nightly dens, whilſt darkneſſe did diſplay
Her ſable curtaines to let in the day;
When ſad *Athleia's* dreame had unbenighted
Her ſlumbering eies, her buſie thoughts were frighted;
She roſe, and trembled; and being halfe diſtraught
With her prophetick feares, ſhe thus bethought.

What ailes the gods thus to diſturb my reſt,
And make ſuch earthquakes in my trembled breaſt?
Nothing but death, and murthers? Graves and Bells,
Frightning my fancy, with their hourely knells?
Twas nothing but a dreame; and dreames they ſay,
Expound themſelves the cleane contrary way:
The riddle's read; and now I underſtand

My

My dreames intents : Some marriage is at hand :
For death interpreted is nothing elſe
But Marriage ; *And the melancholy Bells*
Is mirth *and* muſicke : *By the grave, is read*
The joyfull, joyfull, joyfull mariage bed :
I, it is plaine : And now, me thinks 'twas I
That my prophetick dreame foretold ſhould die :
If this be death, Death *exerciſe thy power,*
And let Athleia *die within this houre :*
Doe, doe thy worſt, Athleia's *faithfull breath*
Shall pray for nothing more then ſudden death.
But ſtay, Athleia, *the too forward day*
Begins to gild the Eaſt ; away, away.
So having ſaid, the nimble fingered Laſſe
Tooke the forg'd letter, and the amorous glaſſe:
And to her early progreſſe ſhe applies her ;
Departs, and towards *Argalus* ſhe hies her ;
But every ſtep ſhe tooke, her mind enforc'd
New thoughts, and with her ſelfe ſhe thus diſcours'd:
How fraile's the nature of a womans will !
How croſſe ? The thing that's moſt forbidden, ſtill
They more deſire ; and leaſt inclinde, to doe
What they are moſt of all perſwaded to :
Had not (alas) my Lady bound theſe hands,
Athleia *ne'r had ſtrugled with her bands :*
I muſt not taſt it ! Had ſhe not enjoyn'd
My lips from taſting it, Athleia's *minde*
Had never thought on't ; now me thinks I long ;
Deſires, if once confinde, become too ſtrong
For womans conquer'd reaſon to reſiſt ;
A womans reaſon's meaſur'd by her liſt :
I long to taſt : yet was there nothing did
Move my deſire but that I was forbid.

With

With that, she staid her weary steps, and hasted
T'untie the glasse; lift up her arme, and tasted;
That done (and having now attain'd, almost,
Her journeyes end) the little time she lost,
New speed regaines; The nimble ground she traces
With double haste, and quick redoubled paces.
All on a sudden she begins to faint;
Her bowels gripe, her breath begins to taint;
Her blistred tongue grows hot, her liver glowes;
Her veines doe boile, her colour comes and goes,
She staggers, falls, and on the ground she lies:
Swels like a bladder, roars, and bursts, and dies.
Thus from her ruine *Argalus* derives
His longer life, and by her death he lives;
Live *Argalus*, and let the gods allot
Such morning draughts, to those that love thee not:
Live long; and let the righteous powers above,
That have preserv'd thee for *Partheniaes* love,
Crowne all thy hopes, and fortunes, with event
Too sure, for second treasons to prevent.
By this time, did the lavish breath of *Fame*
Give language to her *Trumpet*, and proclaime
Athleia's death; the current of which newes
Truthes warrant had forbidden to abuse
Deceived eares: which when the *Lady* heard,
Whose treacherous heart was greedily prepar'd
To entertaine a murther, she arose
And with rude violence desperately throwes
Her trembling body on the naked floore,
But what she said, and did, I will deplorre,
Not utter; but with forced silence smother,
Because she was the faire *Parthenia's* mother:
May it suffice, that the extreames of shame,

And unresisted sorrow overcame
Her disappointed malice, lesse lamenting
The treason, than successe; and more repenting
Of what she fail'd to doe, then what she did,
Her sullen soule despaires; her thoughts forbid
What reason wants the power to perswade;
And griefes being growne too deep for her to wade,
She sinks; and with a hollow sigh, she cried,
Welcome thou easer of all evills, and died.

Now tongues begin to walk; and every eare
Hath got the *Catastasis* to heare
This tragick Scene: the breath of *Fame* grows bold,
Feares no repulse, and scornes to be control'd:
Whilst loud report, (whose tender lips, before,
Durst onely whisper) now begins to roare;
The letter found in dead *Athleta's* breast,
Bewray'd the plot, and what (before) was guest,
Is now confirm'd, and clear'd: for all men knew
Whose hand it was, and whence the malice grew.

But have we lost Parthenia? *In what Isle*
Of endlesse sorrow lurks she all this while?
Sweet Reader urge me not to tell, for feare
Thy heart dissolve, and melt into a teare:
Excuse my silence: if my line should speake,
Such marble hearts, as could not melt, would breake.
No, leave her to herselfe: it is not fit
To write, what being read, you'd wish unwrit:
I leave this task to those, that take delight,
To see poore Ladies tortur'd in despight
Of all remorse; whose harts are still at strife
To paint a torment to the very life:
I leave that task to such, as have the pow'r
To weep, and smile again within an houre:

To those whose flinty hearts are more tentented
To limme a griefe then pity the tormented:
Let it suffice, that had not heaven protected
Her Argalus, *the joy whereof corrected*
That furious griefe, which passion recommended
To her sad thoughts, her story here had ended.
When time (the enemy of Fame) had clos'd
Her babling lips, and gently had compos'd
Partheniaes sorrowes, raising from the ground
Her body spent with griefe, and almost drown'd
In her owne teares; a long expected Sceane
Of better fortune enters in: to dreane
Her marish eyes: her stormy night of teares
Being past, a welcome day of joy appeares:
The rock's remov'd, and Loves wide *Ocean* now
Gives roome enough; looks with a milder br ow.
Reader, forget thy sorrowes; Let thine eare
Welcome the tidings thou so long'st to heare;
A lovers diet's sweet commixt with sowre;
His hell and heaven oft-times divides an houre.
Now *Argalus* can find a faire accesse
To his *Parthenia*: now, feares nothing lesse
Then eares and eyes; and now *Partheniaes* heart
Can give her tongue the freedome to impart
His louder welcome, whilst her greedy eye
Can looke her fill, and feare no stander by:
She's not *Parthenia*, he not present with her;
And he not *Argalus*, if not together: (chat;
Their cheeks are fill'd with smiles; their tongues with
Now, this they make their subject; and now, that:
One while they laugh; and laughing, wrangle too,
And jarre, as jealous lovers use to doe;
And then a kisse must make them friends againe:

Faith, one's too little; Lovers muſt have twaine;
Two brings in ten, ten multiplies to twenty:
That, to a hundred: then becauſe the plenty
Growes troubleſome to count, and does incumber
Their lips, their lips gave kiſſes without number:
Their thoughts run back to former times: they told
Of all loves paſſages they had of old:
Of this thing done, the time, the place, and why;
The manner how, and who were preſent by;
The mothers craft, her undeceiv'd ſuſpition;
Her baited words, her marble diſpoſition;
His pining thoughts, and her projecting feares;
His ſoliloquies, and her ſecret teares;
Where firſt they met; th' occaſion of their meeting;
Their complement, the manner of their greeting:
His danger; his deliverance; and the reaſon
That firſt indue't the *Agents* to the treaſon.
Thus by the priviledge of time and leiſure
Their ſweet diſcourſes (crown'd with mutuall pleaſure
Commixt with griefe) they equall with the light,
And after, grumble at the envious night,
Which bid them part too ſoone: what day denide
In words, in thoughts the tedious night ſupplide,
Which blam'd the *Fates* for doing Lovers wrong,
To make the day ſo ſhort, the night ſo long.
But now the little winged god repented
That he had laught ſo much; his heart relented;
His very ſoule grew ſad; his blinded eye
Began to weep at his owne tyranny;
Laments their ſorrowes; findes a ſecret way,
To make the night as pleaſing as the day;
Calls *Hymen* in, and in his eare diſcovers
The lingring torments of theſe wounded Lovers:

Gives

Gives him a charge, no longer to defer,
T'engroſſe their names within his *Regiſter*,
And now *Partheniaes* harveſt draweth neare;
(The dearely purchas'd price of many a teare)
Her joy ſhall reap, what a world of griefe hath ſowne;
The time's appointed, and the day's ſet downe,
Wherein ſweet *Hymen*, with his Nuptiall bands,
Shall joyne together their eſpouſed hands.
Here ſtop *my Muſe*: retire thy ſelfe and ſtay,
To gather breath againſt the *Marriage day*.

Readers, the joyfull Bride ſalute ye all:
In her behalfe, if any have let fall
A tender teare, to thoſe ſhe makes requeſt,
That they'l be pleaſ'd to grace her marriage feaſt.

ARGALVS AND PARTHENIA.

The Second Booke.

SAile, gentle *Pinace*: Now the heavens are clear,
The winds blow fair: Behold the harbor's near,
Tridented *Neptune* hath forgot to frowne,
The rocks are paſt: The ſtorme is overblowne.
Up weather-beaten voyagers and rouze ye,
Forſake your loathed *Cabbins*: up and louze ye,
Upon the open decks, and ſmell the land:
Cheare up: the welcome ſhoare is nigh at hand:

Saile, gentle *Pinace*, with a prosperous gale,
To th' Ile of *Peace*: Saile, gentle *Pinace*, saile;
Fortune conduct thee; let thy keele divide
The silver streames, that thou maist safely slide
Into the bosome of thy quiet *Key*,
And quite thee fairely of th' injurious *Sea*.
Great Sea-borne Queen, thy birthright gives thee power
T' assist poore suppliants, grant one happy hower;
O, let these wounded Lovers be possest,
At length, of their so long desired rest.
Now, now the joyfull mariage *day* draws on;
The *Bride* is busie, and the *Bridegroome's* gone
To call his fellow Princes to the feast;
The *Garland's* made; The bridall *chamber's* dreast;
The *Muses* have consulted with the *Graces*,
To crowne the day, and honour their embraces
With shadow'd *Epithalmes*: their warbling tongues
Are perfect in their new made *Lyrick* songs;
Hymen begins to grumble at delay,
And *Bacchus* laughs to think upon the day;
The virgin tapers, and what other rights
Doe appertaine to *Nuptiall* delights,
Are all prepar'd, whereby may be expreast
The joyfull triumph of this marriage feast.
But stay! who lends me now an iron pen,
T'engrave within the marble hearts of men
A tragick sceane; which whosoe'r shall reade,
His eyes may spare to weepe, and learne to bleed
Carnatian teares: if time shall not allow
His death-prevented eyes to weepe enow,
Then let his dying language recommend
What's left to his posterity to end.
Thou saddest of all Muses, come, afford

Thy ſtudious helpe, that each confounding word
May rend a heart (at leaſt;) that every line
May pickle up a kingdome in the brine
Of her owne teares: O teach me how t' extract
The ſpirit of griefe, whoſe vertue may diſtract
Thoſe breaſts, which ſorrow knowes not how to kill,
Inſpier, O inſpier my melting Quill;
And like ſad Niobe, *let every one*
That cannot melt, be turn'd into a ſtone:
Teach me to paint an oft-repeated ſigh
So to the life, that whoſoe'r be nigh,
May heare it breathe, and learne to doe the like
By imitation, till true paſſion ſtrike
Their bleeding hearts: Let ſuch as ſhall rehearſe
This ſtory, houle like Iriſh *at a herſe.*
Th'event ſtill crownes the act: Let no man ſay,
Before the evening's come, tis a faire day:
For when the *Kalends* of this bridall feaſt
Were entred in, and every longing breaſt
Waxt great with expectation, and all eyes
(Prepar'd for entertaining novelties)
Were grown impatient now, to be ſuffic'd
With that, which *Art* and *Honour* had deviſ'd
T' adorne the times withall, and to diſplay
Their bounty, and the glory of that day,
The rare *Parthenia*, taking ſweet occaſion
To bleſſe her buſie thoughts, with contemplation
Of abſent *Argalus*, whoſe too long ſtay
Made minutes ſeeme as daies, and every day
A meaſur'd age; into her ſecret bower
Betooke her weary ſteps, where every hower
Her greedy eares expect to heare the ſumme
Of all her hopes, that *Argalus* is come.

She hopes, she feares at once; and still she muſes
What makes him ſtay ſo long; ſhe chides, excuſes;
She queſtions, anſwers, and ſhe makes reply,
And talks, as if her *Argalus* were by;
Why com'ſt thou not? Can Argalus *forget*
His languiſhing Parthenia? *What not yet?*
But as ſhe ſpake that word, ſhe heard a noiſe,
Which ſeem'd as if it were the whiſpring voice
Of cloſe conſpiracy: ſhe began to feare
She knew not what, till her deceived eare
(Inſtructed by her hopes) had ſingled out
The voice of *Argalus* from all the rout;
Whoſe ſteps (as ſhe ſuppoſed) did prepare,
By ſtealth to ſeaze upon her unaware:
She gave advantage to the thriving plot,
Hearing the noiſe, as if ſhe heard it not;
Like as young Doves, (which ne'r had yet forſaken
The warme protection of their neſt, or taken
Upon themſelves, a ſelfe-providing care,
To ſhift for food, but with paternall fare
Grow fat and plump) think every noiſe they heare,
Their full cropt parents are at hand to cheare
Their craving ſtomacks; whilſt th'impatient fiſt
Of the falſe Cater, rifling where it liſt,
In every hole, ſurpriſes them, and ſheds
Their guiltleſſe blood, and parts their gaſping heads
From their vain ſtrugling bodies; ſo, even ſo,
Our poore deceiv'd *Parthenia*, (that did owe
Too much to her owne hopes) the whilſt her eyes
Were ſet to welcome the unvalued prize
Of all her joyes, her deareſt *Argalus*,
Stept in *Demagoras*, and ſalutes her thus:
Baſe trull, Demagoras *comes to let thee ſee*,

How much he ſcornes thy painted face, and thee;
Foule Sorcereſſe! could thy proſperous actions think
To ſcape revenge, becauſe the gods did winke
At thy deſignes? Think'ſt thou thy mothers blood
Cryes in a language, not to be underſtood?
Hadſt thou no cloſer ſtratagem, to further
Thy pamper'd luſt, but by the ſavage murther
Of thine owne aged parent, whoſe ſad death
Muſt give a freedome to the whiſp'ring breath
Of thy injoy'd Adulterer *? who (they ſay)*
Will cloake thy whoredome with a marriage day;
Nay ſtruggle not, here's none that can reprieve
Such pounded beaſts; It is in vain, to ſtrive,
Or roare for help; Why doſt not rather weep
That I may laugh? perchance, if thou wilt creep
Vpon thy wanton belly, and confeſſe
Thy ſelfe a true repentant Murthereſſe,
My ſinfull Page *may play the foole, and gather*
Thy earely fruit into his barne, and father
The new-got Cyprian *baſtard, if that he*
Be halfe ſo wiſe, that got it, but to flee:
Hah! doſt thou weep? or doe falſe miſts but mock
Abuſed eyes? from ſo obdure a rock
Can water flow? Weeping will make thee fair;
Weep till thy marriage day; that who repair
To grace thy feaſt, may fall a weeping too,
And, in a mirrour, ſee what teares can doe.
Vile ſtrumpet! did thy flattering thoughts ere wrong
Thy judgement ſo; to think, Demagoras *tongue*
Could ſo defile his honour, as to ſue
For ſerious love? ſo baſe a thing as you
(Me thinks) ſhould rather fixe your wanton eyes
Vpon ſome eaſie groome, that hopes to riſe

Into his Masters favour, for your sake;
I, this had been preferment, like to make
A hopefull fortune: thou presumptuous trash!
What was my courtship, but the minutes dash
Of youthfull passion, to allay the dust
Of my desires, and exuberous lust?
I scorne thee to the soule, and here I stand
Bound for revenge, whereto I set my hand.
With that, he grip'd her rudely by the faire
And bounteous treasure of her *Nymph*-like haire;
And, by it, dragg'd her on the dusty floore:
He stopt her mouth, for feare she should implore
An aid from heaven, she swouning in the place,
His salvage hands besmear'd her liveleſſe face
With horrid poyson, thinking she was dead,
He left her breathleſſe, and away he fled.
Come, come ye Furies, *you malignant spirits,*
Infernall Harpies, *or what else, inherits*
The land of darkneſſe; you that still converſe
With damned soules; you, you that can rehearſe
The horrid facts of villaines, and can tell
How every hell-hound-looke, that roares in hell,
Survey them all; and, then, informe my pen,
To draw in one, the monſter of all men;
Teach me to limme a villaine, and to paint,
With dextrous art, the baſeſt Sycophant
That ere the mouth of inſolent diſdaine
Vouchſaf'd to ſpit upon: the putrid blaine
Of all diſeaſed humours, fit for none
But dogs to lift their haſty legs upon:
So cleare mens eyes, that whoſoe'r ſhall ſee
The type of baſeneſſe, may cry, This is he:
Let his reproach be a perpetuall blot

In honours booke : Let his remembrance rot
In all good minds : Let none but villaines call
His bugbeare name to memory, wherewithall
To fright their bauling baſtards : Let no ſpell
Be found more potent, to prevaile in hell,
Then the nine letters of his charme-like name :
Which, let our baſhfull Chriſ-croſſe-row diſclaim
To the worlds end, not worthy to be ſet
In any but the Iewiſh Alphabet.
But harke ! am I deceiv'd : or doe I heare
The voice of *Arg'lus* ſounding in mine eare ?
He calls *Parthenia* : no, that tongue can be
No counterfeit : He's come : tis he, tis he.
Welcome too late, that art now come too ſoone:
Hadſt thou been here, this deed had ne'r bin done.
Alas ! when lovers linger, and out-goe
Their promis'd *date*, they know not what they doe:
Men fondly ſay, that women are too fond
At parting ; to require ſo ſtrict a bond
For quick returne : Poore ſoules ! tis they indure
Oft-times the danger of the forfeiture :
I blame them not : for miſchiefe ſtill attends
Upon the too long abſence of true friends.
Well, *Argalus* is come, and ſeeks about
In every roome to find *Parthenia* out :
He asks, inquiers, but all lips are ſparing
To be the authors of ill newes, not daring
To ſpeak the truth : they all amazed ſtand :
And now my Lord's as fearefull to demand ;
Dares not enquire her health, leſt his ſad eare
Should heare ſuch words, as he's afraid to heare :
All lips are bolted with a limmen barre,
And every eye does, like a blazing ſtarre,

Portend ſome evill; no language findes a leake:
The leſſe they ſpeake, the more he feares to ſpeake.
Faces grow ſad, and every private eare
Is turn'd a *Cloſet* for the whiſperer;
He walks the roome; and like an unknown ſtranger,
They eye him: from each eye, he picks a danger.
At laſt his lips not daring to importune
What none dare tell him, unexpected fortune
Leads his raſh ſteps into a darkned roome,
A place more black then night: no ſooner come,
But he was welcom'd with a ſigh, as deepe,
As a ſpent heart can give: he heard one weepe,
And by the noiſe of groanes and ſobs, was led
(Having no other guide) to the ſad bed.
Who is't (ſaid he) *that cals untimely night*
To hide thoſe griefes that thus abjure the light?
With that, as if her heart had rent in two,
She paſt a ſigh, and ſaid, *O ask not who.*
Vrge not my tongue to make a forc'd reply
To your demand: Alas! it is not I.
Not I (ſaid he?) *what language doe I here?*
Darkneſſe may ſtop mine eye, but not mine eare:
It is my deare Parthenia's *voice, ah me!*
And can Parthenia, *not* Parthenia *be?*
What means this word, (Alas it is not I!)
What ſudden ill hath taught thee to deny
Thy ſelfe? or what can Argalus *then claime,*
If his Parthenia *be not the ſame*
She was? Alas, it ſeems to me all one
To ſay, Thou art not hers, that's not her owne:
Can hils forget their pond'rous bulk, and fly
Like wandring Atomes, in the empty ſky?
Or can the heavens (*growne idle*) *not fulfill*

Their certaine revolutions, but ſtand ſtill,
And leave their conſtant motion for the winde
T'inherit? Can Parthenia *change her mind?*
Heav'n ſooner ſhall ſtand ſtill, and earth remove,
Ere my Parthenia *falſifie her love:*
Vnfold thy riddle then; and tell me, why
Thoſe lips ſhould ſay, (Alas! it is not I.)
Whereto ſhe thus reply'd; *O doe not thou*
So wrong thy noble thoughts, as once t'allow,
That curſed name a roome within thy breſt,
Let not ſo foule a prodigy be bleſt
With thy loſt breath; Let it be held a ſin,
Too great for pardon, ere to name't agen;
Let darkneſſe hide it in eternall night;
May it be clad with horrour to affright
A deſp'rate conſcience; He that knowes not how
To mouth a curſe, O let him practice now
Vpon this name; Let him that would contract
The body of all miſchiefe, or extract
The Quint'ſſence of a ſorrow, onely claime
A ſecret priviledge to uſe that name;
Far be it from thy language, to commit
So foule a ſin, as once to mention it:
Live happy Arg'lus; *doe not thou partake*
In theſe my miſeries: O forbeare to make
My burden greater, by thy tender ſorrow;
Alas, my heart is ſtrong, and needs not borrow
Thy needleſſe helpe: O be thou not ſo cruell,
To feed my flaming fires with thy fuell;
Why doſt thou ſigh? O wherefore ſhould thy heart
Vſurp my ſtage, and act Parthenia's *part?*
It is my proper task: what doſt thou meane,
Without my licence, to intrude my Sceane?

Alas! thy ſorrowes eaſe not my diſtreſſe;
God knowes, I weep not one poore teare the leſſe:
My patent's ſign'd and paſt, whereby appeares
That I have got the Monopoly *of teares.*
In me let each mans torment find an end:
I am that Sea, to which all Rivers tend:
Let all ſpent mourners, that can weep no more,
Take teares on truſt, and ſet them on my ſcore.
And as ſhe ſpake that word, his heart not able
To beare a language ſo unſufferable,
But being ſwolne ſo big, muſt either breake,
Or vent, his conquer'd reaſon grew too weak
T'oppoſe his quickened paſſion (like a man
Tranſported from himſelfe) he thus began:
Accurſed darkneſſe! *thou ſad type of death!*
Infernall Hagge, *whoſe dwelling is beneath!*
What meanes thy boldneſſe to uſurp this roome,
And force a night, before the night be come:
Get, get thee downe and keep within thy liſts;
Goe revell there; and hurle thy hideous miſts
Before thoſe curſed eyes, that take delight
In utter darkneſſe, and abhorre the light;
Returne thee to thy dungeon, whence thou came,
And hide thoſe faces, whoſe infernall flame
Cals for more darkneſſe, and whoſe tortur'd ſoules
Crave the protection of th'obſcureſt holes,
To ſcape ſome laſhes, and avoid thoſe ſtrict
And horrid plagues, the Furies doe inflict:
But if thou needs muſt ramble here, above;
Goe to ſome other Climate, *and remove*
Thy ugly preſence from our darkned eyes,
That hate thy tyranny: Goe exerciſe
Thy power in Groves, and ſolitary ſprings,

Where

Where Bats are subjects and where Owles are kings;
Goe to the graves and fill those empty roomes,
That such as slumber in their silent tombes
May blesse thy welcome shades, and lie possest
Of undisturbed and eternall rest:
Or if thy more ambitious sogs desire
To haunt the living, hasse thee, and retire
Into some Cloyster, and there stand betweene
The light, and those that fayne would sin, unseen;
Assist them there, and let thy ugly shapes,
Count'nance close treasons, and incestuous rapes;
Benight those roomes, and aid all such as feare
The eye of heaven: Goe, close thy curtaines there,
We need thee not, (foule Witch) away, away;
Thou hid'st more beauty then the noone of day
Can give; O thou, that hast so rudely hurl'd
On this darke bed the glory of the world.

So said, abruptly he the roome departs,
His cheeks look pale, his curled haire upstarts
Like quils of Porcupines, and from his eye
Quick flashes like the flames of lightning flye;
He calls for light; the light no sooner come,
But his owne hand conveies it to the roome
From whence he came, and as he entred in
He blest himselfe; he blest himselfe againe,
Thrice did he blesse himselfe, and after said,
Foule witch, be gone, and let thy dismall shade,
Forsake this place, Let thy dark sogs obey
Great Vulcans *charge, in* Vulcans *name, away;*
Or if thy stout rebellion shall disclaime
His soveraintye, in my Parthenias *name*
I charme thee hence. And as that word flew out;
He stept to that sad body where round about,

Clos'd

Clos'd were the Curtaines, as if darkneſſe did
Command that ſuch a jewell ſhould be hid:
His left hand held the tapour, and his right
Enforc'd the curtaines, to abſolve the light:
Which done, appear'd before his wondring eye
The trueſt portrait of deformity
As ere the Sun beheld: that lovely face
That was of late the modell of all grace
And peereleſſe beauty, whoſe imperious eyes
Raviſht where ere they lookt, and did ſurpriſe
The very ſoules of men; ſhe, ſhe, of whom
Nature her ſelfe was proud, is now become
So loath'd an object, ſo deform'd, diſguiſ'd,
As darkneſſe, for mans ſake, was well adviſ'd
To clothe in miſts, leſt any were incited
To ſee that face, and ſo depart affrighted.
All this when *Argalus* beheld, and found
It was no dreame, he fell upon the ground,
And rav'd, and roſe agen, ſtood ſtill and gaz'd;
At firſt he ſtartled, then he ſtood amaz'd;
Lookes now upon the light, and now on her,
One while his tired fancy does refer
His thoughts to ſilence; as his thoughts increaſe,
His paſſion ſtrives for vent, and breaks that peace
Which conquer'd Reaſon had of late concluded,
And thus began; *Are theſe falſe eyes deluded?*
Or have inchanted miſts ſtept in between
My abuſed eyes, and what my eyes have ſeen?
No, miſchiefe cannot act ſo fair a part,
T'affright in jeſt; it goes beyond the art
Of all black books, to maſk with ſuch diſguiſe,
So ſweet a face; I know that theſe are eyes,
And this a light; Falſe miſts could never be

Betwixt

Betwixt my poore Parthenia, *and me.*
Accurſed Tapour ! *what infernall ſpright*
Breath'd in thy face ? what fury gave thee light ?
Thou impe of Phlegeton ; *who let thee in*
To force a day, before the day begin ?
Who brought thee hither ? I ? did I ? From whom,
What leane-chapt fury did I ſnatch thee from ?
When as this curſed hand did goe about
To bring thee in, why went not theſe eyes out ?
Be all ſuch Tapours *curſed, for thy ſake ;*
Ne'r ſhine, but at ſome Vigil, or ſad Wake ;
Be never ſeene, but when as ſorrow cals
Thy needfull help to nightly funerals ;
Be as a May-game forth amazed Bat
To ſport about ; and Owles *to wonder at :*
Still haunt the Chancels at a midnight knell,
To fright the Sexton *from his paſſing Bell :*
Give light to none but treaſons, and be hid
In their dark lanthornes : Let all mirth forbid
Thy treacherous flames ; the roome : and if that none
Shall daigne to put thee out, goe out alone ;
Attend ſome miſers table, and then waſte
Too ſoone, that he may curſe thee for thy haſte ;
Burne dimme for ever : Let that flatt'ring light
Thou feed'ſt, conſume thy ſtock : be baniſht quite
From Cupids *Court : When lovers goe about*
Their ſtollen pleaſures, let your flames goe out :
Henceforth be uſefull to no other end,
But onely to burne day-light, or attend
The mid-night cups of ſuch as ſhall reſigne,
With uſury their undigeſted wine :
Why doſt thou burne ſo cleare ? Alas ! theſe eyes
Diſcerne too much : thy wanton blaze doth riſe

Too high a pitch : thou burnſt too bright for ſuch
As ſee no comfort : O thou ſhin'ſt too much :
Why doſt thou vexe me ? Is thy flame ſo ſtout
T'endure my breath ? this breath ſhall puffe thee out :
Thus, thus my joyes are quite extinguiſht, never
To be reviv'd : Thus gone, thus gone fore ever.
With that, tranſported with a furious haſte,
He blew it out: but marke, that very blaſt
(As if it meant on purpoſe, to diſclaime
His deſp'rate thoughts) reviv'd th'extinguiſht flame.
He ſtands amaz'd; and, having muſ'd a while;
Beholds the tapour, and begins to ſmile.
And can the gods themſelves (ſaid he) *contrive*
A way for hope ? Can my paſt joyes revive,
Like this rekindled fier ? If they doe,
I'le curſe my lips (bright Lamp) for curſing you.
Eternall Fates ! deale fairely; dally not :
If your hid bounties have reſerv'd a lot
Beyond my wained hope, be it expreſt
In open view; make haſte, and doe your beſt :
But if your juſtice be determin'd ſo
To exerciſe your vengeance on my wo,
Strengthen not what at length you meane to burſt;
Strike home betimes; diſpatch, and doe your worſt :
That burthen is too great for him to beare,
That's evenly poiſed betwixt hope and feare.
And there he ſtopt; as fearing to moleſt
The ſilent peace of her diſſembled reſt.
He gaz'd upon her; ſtood as in a trance;
Sometimes her liveleſſe hand he would advance
To his ſad lips; then ſteale it downe agen;
Sometimes, a teare would fall upon't; and then
A ſigh muſt dry it; every kiſſe did beare

A ſigh, and every ſigh begat a teare:
He kiſt, he ſigh'd, he wept, and, for a ſpace,
He fixt his eye upon her wounded face,
And in a whiſpering language, he disburs'd
His various thoughts; thus, with himſelfe diſcours'd.

And were the Sun-beams of thoſe eyes too fierce
For mortall view? Or did thoſe fiers diſperſe
Flames too conſuming for th' amaz'd beholder?
Or did thy youth make treaſon e're the bolder
To ſtaine that brow; and by a midnight theft,
To ſteale more beauty then the day had left?
Or did that blinde, that childiſh God diſcry
A kind of twilight from that heavenly eye,
Which, over-bright, he ſought to make more dim
By blurring that, which elſe had blaſted him?
Or did the Sea-borne Goddeſſe Queen repine
To ſee her ſtar out-ſhone ſo much by thine;
And fild with rage, and envious deſpight,
Sent downe a cloud t'eclipſe ſo faire a light?
Or did the wiſer Deities foreſee
This likely danger; that when men ſhould ſee
So bright a Lampe; fearing they ſhould commit
Such ſweet Idolatry, benighted it?
Or did the too too carefull Gods conſpire
A good for man, tranſcending mans deſire,
And knowing ſuch an eye too bright for any,
Gave it a wound, leſt it ſhould wound too many?
If ſo they meant, they might have been more kind
To ſave that beauty, and have ſtruck us blind.

Before the ſound of his laſt breath was gone,
(Her ſpeech being marſhal'd with a powerfull groan
Through the rude confluence, and amazed throng
Of her diſtracted thoughts) her feeble tongue

Wept forth these words; *Thus fleet, thus transitory*
Is mans delight, and all that painted glory,
Poore earth can give; Nor wealth, nor blood, nor beauty,
Can quit the debt, that necessary duty,
They owe to Change *and* Time; *but like a flowre,*
They flourish now, and fade within an howre;
The world's compos'd of change, there's nothing stayes
At the same point, all alters, all decayes:
The world is like a Play; where every age
Concludes her Scene, and so departs the stage;
And when Times *hasty howre-glasse is run,*
Change strikes the Epilogue, *and all the play is done.*
Who acts the King to day, by chance of lot,
Perchance to morrow begs, and blushes not:
Whose beauty was ador'd o're night, next morning
May find a face, like mine, not worth the scorning:
Looke where we list, there's nothing to the eye
Seemes truly constant, but Inconstancy.
Most deare Parthenia, (Argalus *reply'd*)
Had thy deceived eye but stept aside,
And lookt upon thy Argalus *his brest:*
I know, I know, thy language had profest
Another faith: thy lips had ne'r let flye
At unawares, so great an Heresie:
Tis not the change of favour, that can change
My heart; nor Time, nor Fortune can estrange
My best affections, so for ever fixt
On thee, nothing but death can come betwixt
My soule, and thine; If I had lov'd thy face,
Thy face alone; my fancy had given place,
Ere this, to fresh desires, and attended
Vpon new fortunes; and the old had ended.
If I had lov'd thee, for thy heavenly eye,

I might have courted the bright Majeſty
Of Titan *: if thy curious lips had ſnar'd*
My lick'riſh thoughts, I might have ſoone prepar'd
A bluſhing Currall, *or ſome full ripe* Cherry,
And pleaſ'd my lips, untill my lips were weary;
Or if the ſmoothneſſe of thy whiter brow
Had charm'd mine eyes, and made my fancy bow
To outward objects, poliſht Marble *might*
Have given as much content, as much delight;
In briefe, had Argalus *his flatter'd eye*
Bin pleas'd with beauties bare Epitomy,
Thy curious picture might have then ſupply'd
My wants, more full, then all the world beſide;
No, no; 'Twas neither brow, nor lip, nor eye,
Nor any outward ex'lence urg'd me, why
To love Parthenia *: 'twas thy better part,*
(Which miſchiefe could not wrong,) ſurpriſ'd my heart.
Thy beauty was but like a Cryſtall caſe,
Through which, the jewell of admired grace
Tranſparent was, whoſe hidden worth did make
Me love the Casket *for the jewels ſake;*
No, no, my well adviſed eye pierc'd in
Beyond the filme; ſunke deeper then the skin;
Elſe had I now been chang'd, and that firme duty
I owe my vowes, had faded with thy beauty;
Nay, weep not my Parthenia; *let thoſe teares*
Ne'r waile that loſſe, which a few after yeares
Had claim'd as due; cheare up, thou haſt forſaken
But that, which ſickneſſe would (perchance) have taken,
With greater diſadvantage; or elſe age,
That common evill, which art cannot aſſwage;
Beauty's but bare opinion : White *and* Red
Have no more priviledge, then what is bred

By humane fancy, which was ne're confinde
To certaine bounds, but varies like the minde;
What one man likes, another disrespects;
And what a third most hates, a fourth affects;
The Negro's *eye thinks black beyond compare,*
And what would fright us most, they count most faire:
If then opinion be the touch, whereby
All beautie's tried; Parthenia, *in my eye,*
Out-shines faire Helen, *or who else she be,*
That is more rich in beauties wealth then she.
Cheare up: the soveraignty of thy worth enfranches
Thy captive beauty, and thy vertue blanches
These staines of fortune; Come, it matters not
What others think: A letter's but a blot
To such as cannot read, but, who have skill,
Can know the faire impression of a Quill
From grosse and heedlesse blurres; and such can thinke
No paper foule, that's fairely writ with Inke:
What others hold a blemish in thy face,
My skilfull eyes read Characters of grace;
What hinders then, but that without delay,
Triumph may celebrate our nuptiall day?
She that hath onely vertue to her guide,
Though wanting beauty, is the fairest bride.
A Bride? (said she) *such Brides as I, can have*
No fitter bridall chamber then a grave:
Death *is my* Bridegroome; *and to welcome* Death,
My loyall heart shall plight a second faith:
And when that day shall come, that joyfull day
Wherein transcendent pleasures shall allay
The heat of all my sorrowes, and conjoyne
My pale-fac'd Bridegroomes *lingring hand with mine,*
These Ceremonies *and these Triumphs shall*

Attend

Attend the day to grace that Day *withall.*
Time *with his empty Hower-glaſſe ſhall lead*
The triumph on, his winged hoof ſhall tread
Slow paces; After him there ſhall enſue
The chaſt Diana *with her* Virgin Crew,
All crown'd with Cypreſſe girlands; After whom
In ranke, th' impartiall Deſtinies *ſhall come:*
Then in a ſable Chariot *faintly drawn*
With harneſt Virgins *vail'd with pureſt lawne,*
The Bride *ſhall ſit;* Deſpaire *and* Griefe *ſhall ſtand*
Like heartleſſe Bridemaids *upon either hand:*
Vpon the Chariot *top, there ſhall be plac'd*
The little winged god with arme umbrac'd,
And Bow unbent; his drooping wings muſt hide
His naked knees, his Quiver *by his ſide*
Muſt be unarm'd, and either hand muſt hold
A Banner, *where with* Characters *of gold*
Shall be decipher'd (fit for every eye
To reade that runs) Faith, Love, *and* Conſtancy.
Next after, Hope, *in a diſcolorued weed,*
Shall ſadly march alone: A ſlender Reed
Shall guide her feeble ſteps, and in her hand
A broken Anchor *all beſmear'd with ſand.*
And after all, the Bridegroome *ſhall appeare*
Like Joves Lieveteriant, *and bring up the Reare,*
He ſhall be mounted on a Cole-black Steed,
His hand ſhall hold a Dart, *on which ſhall bleed*
A pierced heart, wherein a former wound
Which Cupids *Javelin enter'd, ſhall be found.*
When as theſe Triumphs ſhall adorne our feaſt,
Let Argalus *be my invited gueſt,*
And let him bid me nuptiall Joy: *from whom*
I once expected all my joyes ſhould come.

With

With that, as if his count'nance had thought good
To weare deaths colours; or as if his blood
Had bin employed to condole the ſmart
And torment of his poore afflicted heart,
He thus beſpake: *Vnhappieſt of all men,*
Why doe I live? Is Death *my Rivall then?*
Vnequall chance! Had it been fleſh and blood,
I could have grapled, and (perchance) withſtood
Some ſtout encounters: had an armed hoſt
Of mortall Rivals *ventur'd to have croſt*
My beſt deſires; my Partheniaes *eye*
Had given me power to make that army flye
Like frighted Lambes before the Wolfe; but thou,
Before whoſe preſence all muſt ſtoope and bow
Their ſervile necks, what weapon ſhall I hold
Againſt thy hand that will not be controul'd?
Great enemy: whoſe kingdom's in the duſt
And darkſome Caves: I know that thou art juſt;
Elſe had the Gods ne'r truſted to thy hand
So great a priviledge, ſo large command
And juriſdiction o're the lives of men,
To kill, and ſave even whom they pleaſe, and when:
O, ſuffer not Parthenia's *tempting teares*
To move thy heart; let thy hard-hearted eares
Be deafe to all her ſutes: If ſhe profeſſe
Affection to thee, beleeve nothing leſſe:
Shee's my betrothed Spouſe, and Hymens *bands*
Have firmely joyn'd our hearts, though not our hands;
Where plighted faith, and Sacro-ſanctious *vow*
Hath given poſſeſſion, diſpoſſeſſe not thou;
Be juſt; and though her briny lips bewaile
Her grief with teares, let not thoſe teares prevaile.
Whom Heavens have joyn'd, thy hands may not disjoyne,

I am Partheniaes, *and* Parthenia's *mine;*
Alas! we are but one; Then thou must either
Refuse us both; or else, take both together.
My deare Parthenia, *let no cloudy paßion*
Of dull deſpaire moleſt thee; or unfaſhion
Thy better thoughts, to make thy troubled mind
Either forgetfull, or thy ſelfe unkind:
Starve not my pining hopes with longer ſtay:
My love hath wings, and brooks no long delay;
It hovers up and downe, and cannot reſt,
Vntill it light, and perch upon thy breſt.
Torment not him, within theſe lingring fires,
That's rackt already on his owne deſires:
Seale and deliver as thy deed, that band,
Whereto thy promis'd faith hath ſet her hand;
And what our plighted hearts, and mutuall vow
Have ſo long ſince begun, O finiſh now;
That our imperfect, and halfe pleaſures may
Receive perfection by a marriage day.
Whereto, ſhe thus; *Had the pleas'd Gods above*
Forgiven my faults, and made me fit for Jove
To bleſſe at large; Had all the powers of heaven
(To boaſt the utmoſt of their bounty) given
As great addition to my ſlender fortune
As they could give, or covetous mind importune,
I vow to heaven, and all thoſe heavenly powers,
They ſhould no ſooner been made mine, but yours;
Nay had my fortunes ſtaid but at the rate
They were; had I remained in that ſtate
I was; (although at beſt unworthy farre
Of ſuch a peereleſſe bleſſing as you are)
My deare acceptance ſhould have fill'd my heart
As full of joyes as now it is of ſmart;

But, as I am, let angry Jove *then vent*
On me his plagues, till all his plagues be ſpent:
And when I roare, let heaven my pains deride,
When I match Argalus, *to ſuch a Bride:*
Live happy Argalus, *let thy ſoule receive*
What bleſſings poore Parthenia *cannot have:*
Live happy: May thy joyes be never done,
But let one bleſſing draw another on:
O may thy better Angel watch and ward
Thy ſoule: and pitch an everlaſting guard
About the portals of thy tender heart,
And ſhowre downe bleſſings whereſoere thou art:
Let all thy joyes be as the moneth of May,
And all thy daies be as a marriage day:
Let ſorrow, ſickneſſe, and a troubled minde
Be ſtrangers to thee; let them never find
Thy heart at home: let Fortune ſtill allot
Such lawleſſe gueſts to thoſe that love thee not:
And let thoſe bleſſings, which ſhall wanting be
To ſuch as merit none, alight on thee.
That mutuall faith, betwixt us that of late
Hath paſt, I give thee freedome to tranſlate
Vpon the merits of ſome fitter ſpouſe:
I give thee leave, and freely quit thy vowes;
I call the gods to witneſſe, nothing ſhall
More bleſſe my ſoule, no comfort can befall
More truly welcome to me, then to ſee
My Argalus *(what ere become of me)*
So linckt in wedlock, as ſhall moſt augment
His greater honour, and his true content.
With that, a ſudden and tempeſtuous tyde
Of teares orewhelm'd her language, and deny'd
A paſſage; but when paſſions flood was ſpent,

Shee

She thus proceeds : *You gods, if you are bent*
To act my tragedy, why doe you wrong
Our patience so, to make the play so long?
Your Sceans are tedious; 'Gainst the rules of art,
You dwell too long, too long upon one part.
Be briefe, and take advantage of your odds,
One simple maid amongst so many gods,
And not be conquer'd yet? Conjoyne your might,
And send her soule into eternall night,
That lives too long a day; Ile not resist;
Provided you strike home, strike where ye list.
Accurst be that Day, *wherein these eyes*
First saw the light; let desp'rate soules devise
A curse sufficient for it; Let the Sun
Ne'r shine upon it; and what er's begun
Vpon that fatall day, let heaven forbid it
Successe; if not t'ensnare the hand that did it.
Why was I borne? Or, being borne, O why
Did not my fonder Nurses Lullaby
(*Even whilst my lips were hanging on her brest*)
Sing her poore Babe *to everlasting rest?*
O then my infant soule had never knowne
This world of griefe, beneath whose weight I groane:
No, no, it had not; he that dies in's prime,
Speeds a long businesse in a little time.
But *Argalus* (whose more extreame desire,
Vnapt to yeeld, like water-sprinkled fire,
Did blaze the more; impatient of deniall,
Gave thus an onset to a further triall:
Life of my soule; by whom, next heaven, I breathe;
Excepting whom, I have no friend but Death;
How can thy wishes ease my griefe, or stand
My misery instead, when as thy hand,

And nothing but thy helping hand can give me
Reliefe, and yet refuſes to relieve me?
Strange kind of charity, when being afflicted,
I find beſt wiſhes, yet am interdicted
Of thoſe beſt wiſhes, and muſt be remov'd
From loves enjoyment; why? Becauſe belov'd,
Alas! alas! how can my wiſhes be
A bleſſing to me, if unbleſt in thee?
Thy beautie's gone, (thou ſayeſt) why, let it goe;
He loves but ill, that loves but for a ſhow;
Thy beauty is ſupply'd in my affection,
That never yet was ſlave to a complexion.
Shall every day, wherein the earth does lack
The Sun's reflex, b'expell'd the Almanack?
Or ſhall thy over-curious ſteps forbeare
A garden 'cauſe there be no roſes there?
Or ſhall the Sun-ſet of Partheniaes *beauty*
Enforce my judgement to neglect that duty
The which my beſt advis'd affection owes
Her ſacred vertue, and my ſolemne vowes?
No, no; it lies not in the power of Fate
To make Parthenia *too unfortunate*
For Argalus *to love.*
It is as eaſie for Partheniaes *heart*
To prove leſſe vertuous, as for me to ſtart
From my firme faith: the flame that honours breath
Hath blowne, nothing hath power to quench, but death;
Thou gav'ſt me leave to chuſe a fitter Spouſe,
And freedome to recall, to quit thoſe vowes
I tooke: who gave thee licence to diſpence
With ſuch falſe tongues, as offer violence
To plighted faith? Alas! thou canſt not free
Thy ſelfe, much leſſe hadſt power to licence me.

Vowes

Vowes can admit no change; they ſtill perſever
Againſt all chance; they binde, they binde for ever:
A vow's a holy thing, no common breath:
The limits of a vow is heaven and death:
A vow that's paſt, is like a bird that's flowne
From out thy hand, can be recall'd by none;
It dies not, like a time-beguiling Jeſt,
As ſoone as vented; lives not in thy breſt,
When uttered once, but is a ſacred word
Straight entred in the ſtrict and cloſe Record
Of heaven; it is not like a Juglers knot,
Or faſt, or looſe, as pleaſes us or not.
Since then thy vowes can finde no diſpenſation,
And may not be recal'd, recall thy paſſion;
Performe, performe what now it is too late,
T'unwiſh againe, too ſoone to violate:
Seek not to quit, what heaven denies to free:
Performe thy vowes to heaven, thy vowes to me.
Thrice dearer then my ſoule, (ſhe thus reply'd)
Had my owne pamperd fancy been the guide
To my affection, I had condeſcended
Ere this, to your requeſt, which had befriended
My beſt deſires too: I lov'd not thee
For my owne pleaſure in that baſe degree,
As gluttons doe their diet, who diſpenſe
With unwaſh't hands, (leſt they ſhould give offence
To their grip'd ſtomacks, when a minutes ſtay
Will make them curſe occaſion all the day)
I lov'd not ſo, my firſt deſires did ſpring
From thy owne worth, and as a ſacred thing,
I alwayes view'd thee, whom my zeale commands
Me not prophane with theſe defiled hands:
Tis true; performance is a debt we owe

To Vowes, *and nothing's dearer then a vow;*
Yet when the gods doe raviſh from our hand,
The meanes to keep it, 'tis a countermand.
He that hath vow'd to ſacrifice each day,
At Juno's *altars bound, and muſt obey:*
But if (being under vow) the gods doe pleaſe
To ſtrike him with a leprous diſeaſe
Or foule infection; which is better now,
Prophane the Altar, *or to break the vow?*
The caſe is mine; where then the gods diſpenſe,
We may be bold, yet tender no offence.
Admit it were an evill; tis our beſt,
Of neceſſary ills, to chuſe the leaſt.
The gods are good: the ſtrict recogniſance
Of vowes, is onely taken to advance
The good of man; now if that good prove ill,
We may refuſe, our vowes intier ſtill.
I vow a marriage; why? becauſe I doe
Entirely affect that man my Vowes *are to;*
But if ſome foule diſeaſe ſhould interpoſe
Betwixt our promis'd marriage, and our vowes;
The ſtrict performance of thoſe vowes muſt prove,
I wrong; and therefore love not, whom I love.
Then urge no more: Let my deniall be
A pledge ſufficient twixt my love and thee.
So ended ſhe: But vehement deſire
(That can be quencht with *No*, no more then fire,
With oyle; and can ſubmit to no condition)
Lends him new breath: Love makes a Rhetorician;
He ſpeaks; ſhe anſwers: He, afreſh, replies;
He ſtoutly ſues; as ſtoutly ſhe denies.
He begs in vaine; and ſhe denies in vaine;
For ſhe denies againe; He begs againe;

At laſt, both weary, he his ſuit adjournes;
For Lovers daies are good, and bad by turnes.
He bids farewell: as if the heart of either
Gave but one motion, they both ſigh'd together.
Shee bids farewell; and yet ſhe bids it ſo,
As if her farewell ended, if he goe;
He bids farewell; but ſo, as if delay
Had promis'd better farewels to his ſtay.
She bids farewell, but holds his hand ſo faſt,
As if that farewell had not been the laſt.
Both ſigh'd, both wept, & both being heavy hearted,
She bids farewell, he bids farewell, and parted.
So parted they: Now *Argalus* is gone;
And now *Parthenia's* weeping all alone,
And like the widdow'd turtle ſhe bewailes
The abſence of her Mate: Paſſion prevailes
Above her ſtrength: Now her poore heart can tell
What's heaven by wanting heaven: and what's hell
By her owne torments: Sorrow now does play
The tyrants part, Affection muſt obey;
And like a weathercock her various minde
Is chang'd and turn'd with every blaſt of winde.
In deſp'rate language ſhe deplores her ſtate;
She faine would wiſh, but then ſhe knowes not what:
Reſolves of this, of that, and then of neither,
She faine would flee: but then ſhe knows not whither:
At length (conſulting with the heartleſſe paire
Of ill adviſers, Sorrow, and Deſpaire)
Reſolves, to take th'advantage of that night,
To ſteale away, and ſeeke for death by flight:
A Pilgrims weed her liveleſſe limbs addreſt
From head to foot: A thong of leather bleſt
Her waſted loynes; her feeble feet were ſhod

With

With Sandalls; In her hand a Pilgrims rod.
When as th'illoustrious Soveraigne of the Day
Had now begun his circuit, to survay
His lower kingdome, having newly lent
The upper world to *Cynthiaes* government,
Forth went *Parthenia*, and beginst'attend
The progresse now, which onely death can end.
Goe hapleſſe Virgin! Fortune be thy guide,
And thine owne vertues; and what elſe beſide,
That may be proſp'rous; may thy merits finde
More happineſſe, then thy diſtreſſed minde
Can hope: Live, and to after-ages prove
The great example of true *Faith*, and *Love*:
Gone, gone ſhe is; but whither ſhe is gone,
The gods, and fortune can reſolve alone:
Pardon my Quill, that isinforc't to ſtray
From a poore Lady, in an unknowne way.
To number forth her weary ſteps, or tell
Thoſe obvious dangers, that ſo oft befell
Our poore *Parthenia* in her pilgrimage,
Or bring her miſeries on the open ſtage;
Her broken ſlumbers, her diſtracted care
Her hourely feares and frights, her hungry fare;
Her dayly perills, and her nightly ſcapes
From ravenous beaſts, and from attempted rapes,
Is not my taske; who care not to incite,
My readers paſſion to any appetite.
We leave *Parthenia* now; and our diſcourſe
Muſt caſt an eye, and bend her ſtrled courſe
To *Argalus*. When *Argalus* (returning
To viſit his *Parthenia*, the next morning)
Perceived ſhe was fled, not knowing whither;
He makes no ſtay: Conſults not with the weather,

Stayes

Stayes not to thinke, but claps his hasty knees
To his fleet Courser, and away he flees:
His haste enquires no way, (he needs not feare
To lose the roade, that goes he knowes not where:)
One while he pricks upon the fruitfull plaines;
And now, he gently slacks his prouder reines,
And climbs the barren hills: with fresh careeres
He tries the right hand way; and then he veres
His course upon the left: One while he likes
This path, when by and by, his fancy strikes
Upon another track. Sometimes he roves
Among the Springs and solitary Groves,
Where, on the tender barks of sundry trees,
H'engraves *Partheniaes* name with his: then flees
To the wilde champian: his proud Steed removes
The hopefull fallowes, with his horned hoves:
He baulks no way, rides over rock and mountaine;
When led by Fortune to *Diana's* Fountaine,
He straight dismounts his Steed, begins to quench
His thirsty lips; and after that, to drench
His fainting limbs, in that sweet streame, wherein
Partheniaes dainty fingers oft had bin.
The *Fountaine* was upon a steepe descent,
Whose gliding current nature gave a vent
Through a firme rock, which art (to make it knowne
To after-ages) wall'd and roofst with stone:
Above the crystall *Fountaines* head, was plac'd
Dianaes Image (though of late defac'd:)
Beneath, a rocky *Cisterne* did retaine
The water, sliding through the Cocks of *Cane*,
Whose curious *Current* the worlds greater eye
Ne're view'd, but in his mid-day Majesty:
It was that *Fountaine*, where in elder times
Poore *Corydon* compos'd his rurall rimes,

And left them closely hid, for his unkinde
And marble-hearted *Phillida* to finde.
All rites perform'd, he re-amounts his Steed,
Redeemes his losse of time with a new speed:
And with a fresh supply, his strength renewes
His progresse, God knowes whither: He pursues
His vow'd adventure, brooking no delay,
And (with a minde as doubtfull as the way)
He journeyes on; he left no course, unthought;
No traveller, unaskt; no place, unsought.
To make a Journall of each circumstance;
His change of fortunes, or each obvious chance
Befell his tedious travell: to relate
The brave attempt of this exploit, or that;
His rare atchievements, and their faire successe;
His noble courage, in extreame distresse;
His desp'rate dangers, his deliverance:
His high esteeme with men, which did enhance
His meanest actions to the throne of *Iove*:
And what he suffered for *Partheniaes* love,
Would make our volume endlesse, apt to try
The utmost patience of a studious eye:
All which, the bounty of a free conceite
May sooner reach to, then my pen relate.
But till bright *Cynthiaes* head had three times thrice
Repair'd her empty hornes, and fill'd the eyes
Of gazing mortalls, with her globe of light,
This restlesse Lover ceas'd not, day and night
To wander, in a solitary Quest
For her, whose love had taught him to digest
The dregs of sorrow, and to count all joyes
But follies, (weigh'd with her) at least, but toyes.
It hapned now, that twice sixe months had run
Since wandring *Argalus* had first begun

His

His toilesome progresse; who, in vaine, had spent
A yeare of howers, and yet no event,
When fortune brought him to a goodly seat,
(Wall'd round about with hills, yet not to great
As pleasant; and lesse curious to the sight,
Then strong, yet yeelding even as much delight
As strength: whose onely outside did declare
The Masters judgement, and the Builders care.
Around the *Castle*, nature had laid out
The bounty of her treasure; round about
Well fenced meadowes (fill'd with Summers pride)
Promis'd provision for the Winter tide.
Nee'r which the neighbring hills (well stockt & stor'd
With milk-white flocks) did severally afford
Their fruitfull blessings, and deserv'd increase
To painfull Husbandry, the child of Peace:
It was *Kalander's* seat, who was the brother
Of lost *Partheniaes* late deceased Mother.
He was a Gentleman, whom vaine ambition
Ne'r taught to undervalue the condition
Of private *Gentry*; who preferr'd the love
Of his respected neighbours, far above
The apish congies of th'unconstant Court;
Ambitious of a good, not great report:
Beloved of his Prince, yet not depending
Upon his favours so, as to be tending
Upon his person: and, in briefe, too strong
Within himselfe, for fortunes hand to wrong:
Thither came wandring *Argalus*, and receiv'd
As great content, as one that was bereav'd
Of all his joyes, could take; or who would strive
T'expresse a welcome to the life, could give.
His richly furnisht Table more expreld
A common bounty, then a curious feast;

Whereat the choice of precious wines were profferd
In liberall ſort; not urg'd, but freely offerd;
The carefull ſervants did attend the roome;
No need to bid them either goe or come;
Each knew his place, his office, and could ſpie
His Maſters pleaſure in his Maſters eye.
But what can reliſh peaſing to a taſte
That is diſtempet'd? Can a ſweet repaſt
Pleaſe a ſick palate? No ther's no content
Can enter *Argalus*, whoſe ſoule is bent
To tyre on his owne thoughts: *Kalanders* love
(That other times would raviſh) cannot move
That fixed heart, which paſſion now incites
T'abjure all pleaſures, and forſweare delights.
It fortun'd, on a day, that dinner ending,
Kalander and his noble gueſts, intending
T'exchange their pleaſures in the open ayre,
A *meſſenger* came in, and did repaire
Unto *Kalander*, told him, that the end
Of his imployment, was to recommend
A noble Lady to him (neare allide
To faire *Queen Hellen*) whoſe unskilfull guide
Had ſo miſ-led, that ſhe does make requeſt,
This night, to be his bold, and unknowne gueſt;
And by his help to be inform'd the way,
To find to morrow, what ſhe loſt to day.
Kalander (the extent of whoſe ambition
Was to expreſſe the bounteous diſpoſition
Of a free heart, as glad of ſuch occaſion
To entertaine) return'd the ſalutation
Of an unknown ſervant; and withall profeſt
A promis'd welcome to ſo faire a gueſt.
Forthwith *Kalander* and his noble friends,
(All but poore *Argalus*, who recommends

His

His thoughts to private uſes, and confines
His ſecret fancy to his owne deſignes)
Mounted their praunſing Steeds, to give a meeting
To his faire gueſt: they met, but at firſt greeting
Kalander ſtood amaz'd,(for he ſuppos'd
It was *Parthenia*) and thus his thoughts diſclos'd:
Madam(ſaid he)*If theſe mine aged eyes*
Retaine that wonted ſtrength, which age denies
To many of my yeares, I ſhould be bold
(In viewing you) to ſay, I doe behold
My neece Partheniaes *face: Nor can I be*
Perſwaded (by your leave) but you are ſhee.
Thrice noble Sir(ſhe thus replyde)*your tongue*
(Perchance) hath done the faire Parthenia *wrong,*
In your miſtake, and too much honour'd me,
That (in my judgement) was more fit to be
Her foile, then picture; yet hath many an eye
Given the like ſentence, ſhe not being by;
Nay, more; I have been told that my own mother
Fail'd often to diſtinguiſh t' one from t' other.
Said then Kalander: *If my raſh conceit*
Hath made a fault, mine errour ſhall await
Vpon your gracious pardon: I alone
Was not deceiv'd; for never any one
That view'd Partheniaes *viſage, but would make*
As great an errour by as great miſtake.
But(Madam) for her ſake, and for your owne,
(Whoſe worth may challenge to it ſelfe alone,
More ſervice then Kalander *can expreſſe)*
Y'are truely welcome. Enter, and poſſeſſe
This Caſtle *as your owne; which can be bleſt*
In nothing, more, then in ſo faire a gueſt.
Whereto the Lady (entring) thus replide:
Let everlaſting joyes be multiplide

Within these gentle gates, and let them stand
As lasting monuments in th' Arcadian land,
Of rare and bounteous hospitality
To after times. Let strangers passing by
Blesse their succeeding heires as shall descend
From such a Lord, from such a noble Friend
When as a little respite had repair'd,
Her weary limbes, which travell had impair'd,
The freenesse of occasion did present
New subjects to discourse; wherein they spent
No little time: among the rest, befell
Kalander (often stopt with teares) to tell
Of *Argalus* and lost *Parthenies* love,
Whose undissembled passion did move
A generall griefe; the more that they attended
To his sadtale, the more they wisht it ended.
Madam (said he) *although your visage be*
Like hers, yet may your fortunes disagree,
Poore girle: and as he spake that word, his eyes
Let fall a teare. The Lady thus replies.
My soule doth suffer for Partheniaes *sake*:
But tell me Sir, Did Argalus *forsake*
His poore Parthenia *whom he lov'd so deare?*
How hath he spent his dayes ere since? and where?
Madam (said he) *when as their marriage day*
Drew neare; mischiefe, that now was bent to play
Vpon the Stage, her studied master-prize,
With ugly leprosie did so disguise
Her beautious face, that she became a terror
To her owne selfe: *But* Argalus *the mirror*
Of truest constancy, (whose loyall heart,
Not guided by his eyes, disdain'd to start
From his past vowes) did in despight of fortune,
Pursue his fixt desires, and importune

Th' emended

Th'entended mariage nérthelesse: but she
Whom reason now had taught to disagree
With her distracted thoughts, stands deafe and mute,
And at the last, t'avoid his further sute,
Not making any private to her flight,
She quits the house, and steales away by night:
But Madam, when as Argalus *perceiv'd*
That she was fled, and being quite bereav'd
Of his lost hope, poore Lover, he assayes
By toylesome pilgrimage to end his dayes;
Or finde her out: Now twice six moneths have run
Their tedious courses, since he first begun
His fruitlesse journey, ranging far and neare,
Suffering as many sorrowes, as a yeare
Could send; and made by the extreames of weather,
Vnapt for travell; fortune brought him hither,
Where he as yet remaines, till time shall make,
His wasted body fit to undertake
His discontinued progresse, and renew
His great inquest for her, who at first view,
Madam you seem'd to be.

So said, the Lady, from whose render eyes
Some drops did slide, whose heart did sympathize
With both their sorrowes; said, *And is there then*
Such unexpected constancy in men?
Most Noble Sir;
If the too rash desires of a stranger
May be dispens'd withall without the danger
Of too great boldnesse, I should make request
To see this noble Lord, in whose rare brest
(By your report) more honour doth reside,
Then in all Greece; *nay all the world beside:*
I have a message to him: and am loath
To doe it, were I not engag'd by oath.

Whereat

Whereat *Kalander* not in breath, but action,
Applies himselfe to give a satisfaction
To her propounded wish: protraction wasts
No time; but up to *Argalus* he hasts:
Argalus comes down, and after salutation
Given and receiv'd, she accosts him on this fashion:

My Noble-Lord,
Whereas the loud resounding trump of Fame
Hath nois'd your worth, and glorifide your name
Above all others, let your goodnesse now
Make good that faire report; that I may know
By true experience, what my joyfull eare
Had but, as yet, the happinesse to heare,
And if the frailty of a womans wit
May chance t'offend; be noble, and remit.
Then know (most noble Lord) my native place,
Is Corinth; *of the selfe-same blood and race*
With faire Queen Hellen, *in whose Princely Court*
I had my birth, my breeding: to be short,
Thither, not many daies agoe, there came
Disguis'd and chang'd in al things but her name
The rare Parthenia, *so in shape transform'd,*
In feature altered, and in face deform'd
That (in my judgement) all this Region could
Not shew a thing more ugly to behold.
Long was it ere her oft repeated vowes
And solemne protestations could rouze
My over-dull beliefe: till, at the last,
Some passages, that heretofore had past
In secret 'twixt Parthenia *and me,*
Gave full assurance 't could be none but she;
Abundant welcome (as a soule so sad
As mine, and hers, could give or take) she had:
So like we were in face, in speech, in growth,

That

That whosoever saw the one, saw both;
Yet were we not alike in our complexions
So much, as in our loves, in our affections:
One sorrow serv'd us both, and one reliefe
Could ease us both, but partners in one griefe:
Much private time we joyntly spent, and neither
Could find a true content, if not together.
The strange occurrents of her dire misfortune
She oft discourst, which strongly did importune
A world of teares from these suffused eyes,
The true partakers of her miseries.
And as she spake, the accent of her story
Would alwaies point upon th' eternall glory
Of your rare constancy, which whosoere
In after-ages shall presume to heare,
And not admier, let him be proclaim'd
A rebell to all vertue, and (defam'd
In his best actions) let his leprous name
Or die dishonor'd, or survive with shame.
But ah! what Simples can the hand of art
Finde out to stanch a lovers bleeding heart?
Or what (alas) can humane skill apply
To turne the course of loves Phlebotomy?
Love is a secret fire, inspir'd, and blowne
By fate, which wanting hopes to feed upon,
Works on the very soule, and does torment
The universe of man: which being spent
And wasted in the conflict, often shrinks
Beneath the burthen: and so conquer'd, sinks:
All which your poore Parthenia *knew too well,*
Whose bed-rid hopes, not having power to quell
Th'imperious fury of extreame despaire,
She languisht, and not able to contraire
The will of her victorious passion; cryed,

My deareſt Argalus, *farewell, and dyed:*
My Lord, not long before her lateſt breath
Had freely paid the full areares to death,
She call'd me to her; In her dying hand
She ſtrained mine, whilſt in her eyes did ſtand
A ſhowre of teares, unwept, and in mine eare
She whiſper'd ſo, as all the roome might heare.
Siſter (ſaid ſhe) (*That title paſt between us*
Not undeſerv'd; for, all that ere had ſeene us,
Miſtookeus ſo, at leaſt) *the lateſt ſand*
Of my ſpent hower-glaſſe is now at hand:
Thoſe joyes, which heaven appointed out for me,
I here bequeath to be poſſeſt by thee;
And when ſweet death ſhall clarifie my thoughts,
And draine them from the dregs of all my faults,
Enjoy them thou, wherewith (*being ſo refin'd*
From all their droſſe) *full fraught thy conſtant mind:*
And let thy proſp'rous voyage be addreſt
To the faire port of Argalus *his breſt,*
As whom the eye of noone did ne'r diſcover
So loyall, ſo renown'd, ſo rare a lover;
Caſt anchor there; for by this dying breath,
Nothing can pleaſe my ſoule more, after death,
And make my joyes more perfect, then to ſee
A marriage 'twixt my Argalus *and thee;*
This Ring the pledge betwixt his heart and mine,
As freely as he gave me, I make thine:
With it unto thy faithfull heart I tender
My ſacred vows: with it I here ſurrender
All right and title that I had or have
In ſuch a bleſſing, as I now muſt leave;
Go to him, and conjure him in my name
What love he bare to me, the very ſame
That he transferre on thee: take no deniall,

Which

Which granted, live thou happy, constant, loyall.
And as she spake that word, her voice did alter;
Her breath grew cold, her speech began to faulter:
Faine would she utter more, but her spent tongue
(Not able to goe further) fail'd, and clung
To her dry roofe. A while, as in a trance,
She lay, and, on a sudden, did advance
Her forced language to the height, and cryed,
Farewell my deareſt *Argalus*, *and dyed.*
And now, my Lord, although this office be
Vnſutable to my ſexe, and diſagree
Too much, perchance with the too mean condition
Of my poore ſtate, more like to find deriſion
Then ſatisfaction; yet my gracious Lord,
Extr'ordinary merits doe afford
Extr'ordinary meanes, and can excuſe
The breach of cuſtome, or the common uſe;
Wherefore incited by the deare directions
Of dead Parthenia, *by mine owne affections,*
And by the ex'lence of your high deſert,
I here preſent you with a faithfull heart,
A heart, to you devoted; which aſſures
It ſelfe no happineſſe, but in being yours.
Pardon my boldneſſe, they that ſhall reprove
This, as a fault, reprove a fault in love:
And why ſhould cuſtome doe our Sexe that wrong,
To take away the priviledge of our tongue?
If nature give us freedome, to affect,
Why then ſhould cuſtome barre us to detect
The gifts of nature? ſhe that is in paine,
Hath a ſufficient warrant to complaine.
Then give me leave (my Lord) to reinforce
A virgins ſuit, and thinking ne'r the worſe
Of proffer'd love) let my deſires thrive,

And freely accept, what I so freely give.
So ending, silence did enlarge her eare,
(Prepar'd with quick attention) to heare
His gracious words: But *Argalus* whose passion
Had put his amorous Courtship out of fashion,
Return'd no answer, till his trickling eyes
Had given an earnest of such obsequies,
As his adjourned sorrow had intended
To doe at full, and therefore recommended
To privacy; true griefe abhors the light,
Who grieves without a witnesse grieves aright.
His passion thus suspended for a while,
(And yet not so, but that it did recoyle
Strong sighs) he wip'd his teare-bedewed eyes,
And turning to the Lady, thus replies:
Madam,
Your no lesse rare, then noble favours show
How much you merit, and how much I owe
Your great desert which claimes more thankfulnesse,
Then such a dearth of language can expresse:
But most of all, I stand for ever bound
To that your goodnesse, my Parthenia *found*
In her distresse, for which respect (in duty
As I am ty'd) poore Argalus *shall repute ye*
The flower of noble curtesie, and proclaime
Your high deservings. Lady, as I am,
A poore unhappy wretch, the very scorne
Of all prosperity, distrest, forlorne,
Vnworthy the least favour you can give,
I am your slave, your Beadsman will I live;
But for this weighty matter you propound,
Although I see how much it would redound
To my great happinesse, yet heaven knowes
(Most excellent Lady) I cannot dispose

of

Of mine owne thoughts, nor have I power to doe
What elſe you needed not perſwade me to;
For truſt me, were this heart of mine, mine owne,
To carve according to my pleaſure, none
But you ſhould challenge it; but while I live,
It is Partheniaes, *and not mine to give.*
Whereunto ſhe thus replies; *Moſt noble Sir,*
Death, that hath made divorce 'twixt you and her,
Hath now returned you your heart againe,
Diſſolv'd your vowes, diſlink't that ſacred chaine,
Which ty'd your ſoules: nay more, her dying breath
Bequeath'd your heart to me; which by her death
Is growne a debt that you are bound to pay:
Then know (my Lord) the longer you delay,
The longer time her ſoule is diſpoſſeſt
(And by your means) of her deſired reſt.
Whereto the poore diſtreſſed *Argalus*
Pauſing a while, return'd his anſwer thus.
Incomparable Lady,
When firſt of all, by heavens divine directions,
We lov'd, we lik'd, we linkt our deare affections,
And with the ſolemne power of an oath,
In preſence of the better gods, we both,
Exchang'd our hearts: in witneſſe of which thing,
I gave, and ſhe received this deare Ring,
Which now you weare: by which ſhe did reſigne
Her heart to me; for which, I gave her mine.
Now, Madam, by a mutuall commerce,
My exchang'd heart is not mine owne, but hers;
Which if it had the power to ſurvive,
She being dead, what heart have I to give?
Or if that heart expired in her death,
What heart had ſhe (poore Lady!) to bequeath?
Madam, in her, began my deare affection;

In her it liv'd, in her it had perfection;
In her it joy'd, although but ill befriended
By fate; In her begun, in her it ended.
If I had lov'd, if I had onely lov'd
Partheniaes *beauty, I had ſoone been mov'd*
To moderate my ſorrows, and to place
That love on you, that have Partheniaes *face;*
But 'twas Partheniaes *ſelfe I lov'd, and love;*
Which as no time hath power to remove
From my fixt heart, ſo nothing can diminiſh,
No fortune can diſſolve, no death can finiſh.
With mingled frownes and ſmiles ſhe thus reply'd
Halfe in a rage, *and muſt I bee deny'd?*
Are theſe the noble favours I expected?
To find diſgrace? and goe away rejected?
Moſt noble Lady, if my words (ſaid he)
Suite not your expectation, let them be
Imputed to the miſery of my ſtate,
Which makes my lips to ſpeake they know not what;
Miſtake not him, that onely ſtudies how
With moſt advantage ſtill to honour you.
Alas! what joyes I ever did receive
From fortune, 's buried in Partheniaes *grave,*
With whom, ere long, (nor are my hopes in vaine)
I hope to meet, and never part againe.
So ſaid, with more then Eagle-winged haſte,
She flew into his boſome, and imbrac'd
In her clos'd armes, his ſorrow-waſted waſt;
Surcharg'd with joy, ſhe wept, not having power
To ſpeake. Have you beheld an Aprill ſhower
Send downe her haſty bubbles, and then ſtops,
Then ſtormes afreſh, through whoſe tranſparent drops
The unobſcured Lamp of heaven convaies
The brighter glory of his refulgent rayes:

Even

Even ſo, within her bluſhing cheeks reſided
A mixt aſpect, 'twixt ſmiles and teares divided:
So even divided, no man could ſay, whether
She wept, or ſmil'd, ſhe ſmil'd and wept together;
She held him faſt, and like a fainting lover,
Whoſe paſſion now had licence to diſcover
Some words: *Since then thy heart is not for me,*
Take, take thy owne Parthenia (ſaid ſhe)
Cheare up! my Argalus; *theſe words of mine*
Are thy Partheniaes, *as* Parthenia's *thine*;
Beleeve it (Love) *theſe are no falſe alarmes,*
Thou haſt thine owne Parthenia *in thine armes.*
Like as a man whoſe hourely wants implore
Each meales reliefe, trudging from doore to doore,
That heares no dialect from churliſh lips,
But newes of Beadles, and their torturing whips,
Takes up (perchance) ſome unexpected treaſure,
New loſt; departs, and joyfull beyond meaſure,
Is ſo tranſported, that he ſcarce beleeves
So great a truth, and what his eye perceives,
Not daring truſt, but feares it is ſome viſion,
Or flattering dreame, deſerving but deriſion;
So *Argalus* amazed at the newes,
Faine would beleeve, but daring not abuſe
His eaſie faith too ſoone; for feare his heart
Should ſurfet on conceit, he did impart
The truth unto his fancy by degrees:
Where ſtopp't by paſſion, falling on his knees,
He thus began; *O you eternall powers*
That have the guidance of theſe ſoules of ours,
Who by your juſt prerogative can doe
What is a ſin for man to dive into:
Whoſe undiſcover'd actions are too high
For thought: too deepe for mans inquier: why?

Delude

Delude not theſe mine eyes with the falſe ſhow
Of ſuch a joy, as I muſt never know
But in a dreame: or if a dreame it be,
O let me never wake againe, to ſee
My ſelfe deceiv'd, that am ordain'd t' enjoy
A reall griefe, and but a dreaming joy.
Much more he ſpake to this effect, which ended,
He bleſt himſelfe, and (with a ſigh) unbended
His aking knees; and riſing from the ground,
He caſt his rolling eyes about, and found
The roome avoided, and himſelfe alone;
The doore halfe clos'd, and his *Parthenia* gone,
His new diſtemper'd paſſion grew extreame;
I knew, I knew, (ſaid he) *'twas but a dreame;*
A minutes joy, a flaſh, a flattering bubble
Blowne by the fancy, full of pleaſing trouble;
Which waking breaks, and empties into ayre,
And breaths into my ſoule a freſh deſpaire.
I knew 'twas nothing but a golden dreame,
Which (waking) makes my wants the more extreame;
I knew 'twas nothing but a dreaming joy,
A bliſſe, which (waking) I ſhould ne'r enjoy.
My deare Parthenia *tell me, where, O where*
Art thou, that ſo delud'ſt mine eye, mine eare?
O that my wakened fancy had the might
To repreſent unto my reall ſight
What my deceived eyes beheld, that I
Might ſurfet with exceſſe of joy, and die.
With that, the faire *Parthenia* (whoſe deſire
Was all this while, by fire, to draw out fire;
And by a well adviſed courſe to ſmother
The fury of one paſſion with another)
Stept in, and ſaid, *Then* Argalus *take thou*
Thy true Parthenia: *thou dream'ſt not now;*

Behold

Behold this Ring, *whose Motto does impart*
The constancy of our divided heart:
Behold these eyes, that for thy sake have vented
A world of teares, unpiti'd, unlamented:
Behold this face, that had, of late, the power
To curse all beauty, yet it selfe secure:
Witnesse that Tapour, *whose prophetick snuffe*
Was outed and revived with one puffe:
And that my words may whet thy dull beliefe,
'Twas I, that roar'd beneath the scourge of griefe,
When thou didst curse the darknesse, for concealing
My face; and then the Tapour *for revealing*
So foule a face; 'twas I, that, overcome
With violent despaire, stood deafe and dumbe
To all thy urg'd perswasions: it was I,
That in thy absence, did resolve to die
A wandring Pilgrim, trusting to be led
By fortune, to my death; and therefore fled:
But see! the powers above can work their ends,
In spight of mortals: and what man intends,
The heavens dispose, and order the event:
For when my thoughts were desperately bent
To mine owne ruine, I was led by fate
(Through dangers now too tedious to relate)
To faire Queene Hellens *Court, not knowing whither*
My unadvised steps were guided. Thither
My Genius *brought me; where, unknowne to any,*
I mourn'd in silence, though observ'd by many:
Reliev'd by none; at length they did acquaint
The faire Queene Hellen *with my strange complaint;*
Whose noble heart did truely sympathize
With mine, partaking in my miseries:
Who fill'd with pity, strongly did importune
The wofull case of my disastrous fortune,

And never rested till she did inforce
These lips t'acquaint her with the whole discourse.
Which done, her gracious pleasure did command
Her owne Chirurgion, to whose skilfull hand
She left my foule disease, who in the space
Of twice ten dayes, restor'd me to this face:
The cure perfected, straight she sent about
(Without my knowledge) to enquier out
That party, for whose sake I was contented
T'endure such griefe with patience, unrepented;
Hoping (since by her meanes and help of art
My face was cur'd) even so to cure my heart.
But when the welcome messenger return'd
The place of thy bode, O how my spirit burn'd
To kisse her hands, and so to leave the Court;
But she, (whose favours did transcend report
As much, as they exceeded my desert)
Detain'd me for a while, as loath to part
With her poore handmaid; till at last, pretending
A lovers hast, and freely apprehending
So just a cause of speed; she soone befriended
My best desires, and sent me thus attended:
Where (under a false mask) I laid this plot,
To see how soone my Argalus *had forgot*
His dead Parthenia; *but my blessed eare*
Hath heard, what few or none must hope to heare:
Now farewell sorrow, and let old despaire
Goe seeke new breasts: let mischiefe never dare
Attempt our hearts: let Argalus *enjoy*
His true Parthenia; *let* Parthenia's *joy*
Revive in him; let each be blest in either,
And blest be heaven, that brought us both together.

With that, the well-nigh broken-hearted lover,
Ravish'd with over-joy, did thus discover

His

His long-pent words: *And do these eyes once more*
Behold what their extreame despaire gave o'r
To hope for? Do these wretched eyes attain
The happinesse to see this face again?
And is there so much happinesse yet left
For a broke heart, a heart that was bereft
Of power t'enjoy, what heaven had power to give?
Breathes my Parthenia? *Does* Parthenia *live?*
Who ever saw the Pole-affecting stone,
By hidden power, (a power as yet unknowne
To our confinde and darkned reason) draw
The neighboring steele, which by the mutuall law
Of natures secret working, strives as much
To be attracted, till they joyne and touch;
Even so these greedy Lovers meet, and charmes
Each other strongly in each others armes;
Even so they meet; and with unbounded measure
Of true content, and time-beguiling pleasure,
Enjoy each other with a world of kisses,
Sealing the Patent of true worldly blisses;
Where for a while I leave them to receive,
What pleasures new-met Lovers use to have.
Readers forbeare, and let no wanton eye
Abuse our Scene: Let not the stander by
Corrupt our lines, or make an obsceane glosse
Upon our sober text, and mixe his drosse
With our refined gold, extracting sower
Frow sweet; and poyson from so faire a flower.
Correct your wandring thoughts, and doe not feare
To think the best: Here is no *Tarquine* here;
No lustfull, nor insatiate *Messaline*,
Who thought it gaine sufficient to resigne
An age of honour, for a night of pleasure;
Whose strength to endure lust, was the just measure

Of her aduſt deſire: Ye need not feare
Our private Lovers, who eſteeme leſſe deare
Their lives then honours, daring not to doe
But what, unſham'd, the Sun may pry into.
If any itching eares deſire to know
What ſecret conf'rence paſt betwixt theſe two;
To them my muſe thus anſwers; *When your caſe*
Shall prove the like, ſhe wills you to embrace
True honour, as theſe noble Lovers did,
And you ſhall know; Till then you are forbid
To enquire farther: Onely this ſhe pleaſes
To let you underſtand, that loves diſeaſes
Being throughly cured, by their meeting, they
Have once againe prefixt a *Marriage day*;
Which that it might ſucceed with fairer fortune,
Readers, ſhe moves your pleaſures to importune
The better gods, *that they would pleaſe t'appay*
Their griefes with joy, and ſmile upon that day.

ARGALVS AND PARTHENIA.

The Third Booke.

WHen ſturdy *Marches* ſtormes are overblowne,
And *Aprils* gentle ſhowers are ſhidden downe,
To cloſe the wind-chapt earth, ſucceeding *May*
Enters her month, whoſe early breaking day
Calls Ladies from their eaſie beds to view
Sweet *Maia's* pride, and the diſcolour'd hiew

Of dewy-breſted *Flora*, in her bower,
Where every hand hath leave to pick the flower
Her fancy likes; wherewith to be poſſeſt,
Untill it fade, and wither in her breſt.
Now ſmooth-fac'd *Neptune*, with his gladder ſmiles
Viſits the banks of his beloved *Iles*;
Eolus calls in the windes, and bids them hold
Their ful-mouth'd blaſts, that breathleſſe are controld:
Each one retires, and ſhrinks into his ſeat,
And ſea-greene *Triton* ſounds a ſhrill retreat:
And thus at length, our *Pinace* is paſt o'r
The barre, and rides before the *Maiden-towre*.
Up, now in earneſt (voyagers) and ſtand ye
On your faint legs. Our *long boat* ſtraight ſhall land ye,
Forget your travels now, and leade your eyes
From your paſt dangers, to your preſent prize:
You traffick not for toyes; The gods have ſet
No other price to things of price, but *ſweat*.
Cheare up; call home your hearts, and be advis'd,
Goods eas'ly purchas'd, are as eas'ly priz'd:
You traffick not for trifles, and your travell
Was not to compaſſe the almighty gravell
Of th' *Indian Mines*, to ballaſt your eſtates;
'Twas not for blaſts of *Honour*, whoſe poore dates
Depend on regall ſmiles, and have no meaſures,
But Monarch's *wils*, expiring with their pleaſures:
'Twas not to conquer Kingdomes, or obtaine
The dangerous title of a *Soveraigne*;
Theſe are poore things: It is but falſe diſcretion
To toyle, where hopes are ſweeter then poſſeſſion:
No, we are bound upon more brave adventures,
True Honour, *Vertue*, *Beauty*, are the Centers
To which we point, whereto our thoughts doe tend;
And heaven hath brought our voyage to an end,

Haile noble *Argalus*; now the *Cockboat* ſtands
Secure; ſtep forth; ſpread forth thy widened hands,
And take thy faireſt *Bride* into thine armes;
Strike up (brave ſpirit) *Cupids* freſh alarmes
Upon her melting lips: Take *Toll*, before
Thou ſet her dainty foot upon the ſhore;
So let her ſlide upon thy gentle breſt,
And feele the ground: Then lead her to her reſt.
Goe Impes of honour, let the morning Sun
Gild your delights, and ſpend his beames upon
Your mariage Triumphs; let his weſterne light
Decline apace, and make an early Night
Goe, *Turtles*, goe, let treble joyes betide
The faithfull *Bridegroome*, and his faireſt *Bride*:
Let your owne vertues light you to your reſt;
To morrow come we to your nuptiall feaſt.

By this the curl'd-pate *Waggoner* of heaven
Had finiſht his diurnall courſe, and driven
His panting Steeds a down the weſterne *hill*,
When ſilver *Cynthia*, riſing to fulfill
Her nightly courſe, lets fall an evening teare,
To ſee her brother leave the *Hemiſphere*,
Which by the aire diſpers'd, is early found
(And call'd a *pearly dew*) upon the ground:
Still as the night, no language did moleſt
The waking eare; all mortals were at reſt:
No breath of wind had power to provoke
The Aſpine-leafe, or urge th'aſpiring ſmoake;
Sweet was the ayre, and cleare; no Star was hid;
No envious cloud was ſtirring, to forbid
The wilde Aſtronomer to gaze, and look
Into the ſecrets of his ſpangled book;
Whilſt round about, in each reſounding grove,
(As if the *Choriſters* of night had ſtrove
T'excell)

T'excell) the warbling *Philomele* compares
And vies by turnes her *Polypholian* ayres.
And now the horn-mouth'd *Belman* of the night
Had ſent his midnight ſummons to invite
Nights ravenous rebells from their ſecret holds
To rome and viſit the ſecurer folds;
Whil'ſt drouzy *Morpheus* with his leaden keyes
Locks up the ſhepheards eye-lids, and betrayes
The ſcatter'd flocks; which lie like ſacrifices,
Expecting fire when the Sun-god riſes.
By this the pale-fac'd *Empreſſe* of the night
Had re-ſurrendred up her borrowed light,
And to the lower world ſhe now retires,
Attended with her traine of leſſer fires,
And early *Heſper* ſhoots his golden head,
To uſher *Titan* from his purple bed;
The gray-ey'd Janitor does now begin
To ope his eaſterne portals, and let in
The new-borne *Day*; who having lately hurld
The ſhades of night into the lower world,
The dewy-cheek'd *Aurora* does unfold
Her purple curtaines, all befring'd with gold;
And from the pillow of his *Grecian* bed,
Don *Phœbus* rouzes his refulgent head;
That with his all-diſcerning eye ſurvayes
And gilds the mountaines with his morning rayes.
Now, now the wakefull *Bridegroom* (whoſe laſt night
Had made her ſhades too long) ſalutes the light,
Salutes the welcome light, which now, at length,
Shall crown his heart with joyes, beyond the ſtrength
Of mortall language, whoſe religious fires
Shall light thoſe Lovers to their wiſht deſires.
Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptiall weeds,
T'enjoy that joy, from whence all joy proceeds:

Enter

Enter thoſe joyes, from whence all joy proceeds:
Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptiall weeds.
And thou faire *Bride*, more beautious then the day,
Thy day is come, and *Hymen* calls away;
Awake and rouze thee from thy downy ſlumber;
Thy *Day* is come: O may thy joyes out-number
Thy minutes that are paſt, and to enſue;
Ariſe, and bid thy maiden-bed adieu;
Put on thy Nuptiall robes, time cals away;
O may thy after-dayes be like this day.
By this, bright *Phœbus* with redoubled glory,
Had halfe way mounted to the higheſt ſtory
Of his *Olympick Palace*: there to ſee
This long expected dayes ſolemnitie:
When all on ſudden, there was heard (around
From every quarter) the Majeſtick ſound
Of many Trumpets: all, in conſort running
One point of war tranſcending far the cunning
Of mortall blaſts; and, what did ſeeme more ſtrange,
The ſhrill-mouth'd muſick did as ſudden change
To *Dorick* ſtraines, to ſweet mollitious ayres,
To *Lyrick* ſongs, and voyces, like to theirs
That charm'd *Vlyſſes*: whil'ſt th'amazed eare
Stood raviſht at theſe changes, it might heare
Thoſe voyces, (by degrees) transform'd to *Lutes*,
To *Shalms*, deep-throated *Sachbuts*, and to *Flutes*,
And Echo-forcing *Cornets*; which ſurpaſt
The art of man: this *Harmony* did laſt
Untill the *Bridegroome* came: but all men wondred
To heare the noiſe: Some thought the heavens had (thundred
To a new tune; and ſome more wiſer-eares
Conceiv'd it was the *Muſick of the Spheares*:
All wondred, all men gaz'd, and all could heare;
But none knew whence the *Muſick* was, or where.

Forthwith,

Forthwith, as if a second *Sun* had roſe,
And ſtrove with greater brightneſſe, to depoſe
The glory of the firſt, the *Bridegroome* came,
Uſher'd along with Eagle-winged *fame*,
Whoſe twice five hundred mouthes did at one blaſt
Inſpire a thouſand *Trumpets*, as he paſt:
His Nuptiall veſture was of Scarlet *Dye*,
So deep, as it would dazle a weake eye
To gaze upon't; to which, the curious Art
Of the laborious Needle did impart
So great a glory, that you might behold
A riſing *Sun*, imboſt with pureſt gold;
From whence ten thouſand *trailes* of gold came downe,
In waving points, like *Sun-beames* from that Sun:
Thus from his chamber midſt the vulgar crowd
(Like *Titan* breaking through a gloomy cloud)
The long expected *Bridegroome* came, and paſt
Th'amazed multitude; till, at the laſt,
His Herauld brought him to the *Hall of ſtate*,
Where all th' *Arcadian* Nobles did awaite
To welcome his approach, and to diſcharge
The lower volley of their joyes at large:
The Hall was ſpacious, lightſome, and beſtrow'd
With *Flora's* wealth, (a bounty that ſhe ow'd
This glorious feaſt) the walls were richly clad
With curious *Tap'ſtry* (ſuch as *Greece* ne'r had
Before that day) wherein you might behold,
Wrought to the life, in colour'd ſilk and gold,
This preſent ſtory of theſe peereleſſe Lovers,
Which like a ſilent Chronicle, diſcovers
The ſeveral paſſages that did befall
'Twixt their firſt meeting, and their Nuptiall;
Devis'd and wrought by Virgins borne in *Greece*,
Preſented to this *Triumph*, as a *Peece*

Devoted to the memory and fame
Of *Argalus*, and his *Parthenias* name;
No sooner was the Ceremony ended,
(Wherein each noble spirit more contended
T' expresse affection, then affect the expression
Of courtly *Rhet'rick*, in a bare profession
Of airy friendship) but a sudden shout
Of rudely-mingled voices flew throughout
The spatious *Castle*, which confus'dly cry'd
Joy to *Parthenia, to the fairest Bride.*
Forthwith (as if that heaven had broken loose,
And *Deities* had meant to enterpose
Their heavenly bodies, with the mortall tribe
Of men; or else, intending to ascribe
Their pers'nall honour to this Nuptiall)
In more then Princely state, enters the *Hall*
A glorious shew of Ladies, all array'd
In rare and costly robes, and richly laid
With Jems unvalued; and each Lady wore
A scarfe upon her arme, embroydred ore
With *gold* and *pearle*; thus hand in hand they past
Into the *Hall*, but oft their eyes did cast
A backward looke, as if their thoughts did mind,
Some greater glory, coming on behinde:
Next after them, came in the *virgin Crew*
In milk-white robes (virgins that never knew
The sacred myst'ries of the marriage bed,
Nor, finding trouble in a *Maidenhead*,
Ere lent a thought to nuptiall joyes till now)
Thus past these buds of nature, two by two,
Their long dishevel'd tresses dangled downe
With careless Art, and on each head a crowne
Of golden *Lawrell* stood: their faces shrowded
Beneath a vaile, seem'd as the stars were clouded.

Have

Have yee beheld in frosty winters even,
When all the lesser twinking *lamps* of heaven
Are fully kindled, how the ruddy face
Of rising *Cynthia* lookes? with what a grace
She viewes the throne of darkenesse, and aspires
Th'*Olympick* brow, amidst the smaller fires:
So after all these *sparks* of beauty, came
(They were but sparks to such a glorious flame)
The faire *Parthenia*: Thus the rose-cheek'd *Bride*
Enters the roome; a milk-white *vaile* did hide
Her blushing face, which nere the lesse discloses
Some glimps of red, like *lawne* ore-spredding *roses*;
Thus entred she. The garments that she wore
Were made of purple silke, bespangled ore
With *Stars* of purest gold, and round about
Each severall *Star* went, winding in and out,
A *trayle* of orient *pearle*, so rarely wrought,
That as the garments mov'd, you would have thought
The *Stars* had twinkled; her disheveled haire
Hung downe behind, as if the onely care
Had been to reconcile *neglect* and *art*,
Hung loosely downe, and vayl'd the backer part
Of those her sky-resembling robes; but so,
That every breath would wave it to and fro,
Like flying clouds, through which you might discover
Sometimes one glim'ring *Star*, sometimes another:
Thus on she went; her ample traine supported
By thrice three virgins, evenly siz'd and sorted
In purple robes: forthwith, the *Bridegroome* rises
From off his chaire, bowes downe and sacrifices
The peacefull offering of a morning kisse,
Upon her lips: *To such a Saint as this,*
O, what rebellious hart could chuse but bow,
And offer freely the perpetuall vow

Of choyce obedience.

With that, each Noble moves him from his place,
And with a posture, full of princely grace,
Salutes the lovely *Bride*, with words, expressing
The joyfull modell of a kingdomes blessing.
But harke! The *Hymenean Trumpet* sends
Her latest summons forth: *Hymen* attends
The noble paire, and is prepar'd to yoke
Their promis'd hands; the sacred *Altars* smoake
With *Myrrh* and *Frankincense*, the wayes are strow'd
With *Flora's* pride; and the expecting crowd
Have throng'd the streets, and every greedy eye,
Attends to see the *Triumph* passing by.

At length the gates flew open: on this fashion
Began the Triumph: first a *Proclamation*
Was made, with a loud voice; *If any be*
Or Lord, or Knight, or whatsoere degree,
Professing armes or honour in the land,
That at this time can challenge or pretend
A title to Partheniaes *heart, or claime*
A right, or interest in her love, or name;
Let him come forth in person; or appeare
By noble Proxy, if not present here;
And by the excellent honour of a Knight,
He shall receive such honourable right
As the just sword can give; Let him now come
And speake; or else, for evermore be dumbe.

Thrice was it read; which done, forthwith there
True honours Eagle-winged Herauld, Fame, came
Sounding a silver Trump; and as she past
She shooke the earths foundation with her blast;

Next after whom in undissembled state,
The *Bridegroome* came; on his right hand did waite
The god of war in martiall robes of greene,

All stain'd with bleeding hearts, as they had beene
But newly wounded, and from every wound,
Fresh blood did seeme to trickle on the ground;
And as the garments mov'd, each dying heart
Would seeme to pant a while, and then depart:
Upon the *Bridegroomes* left hand there attended
Heavens Pursuivant, whose brawny arme extended
A winged *Caduce*; He had scarce the might
To curbe his feet: his feet were wing'd for flight:
Above his head their hands did joyntly hold
A crimson *Canopy* emboss't with gold.
Next them, twice twenty famous Nobles follow'd,
Brave men at arms, whose names the world had hallow'd
For rare exploits, and twice as many Knights,
Whose bloods had ransom'd, and redeem'd the rights
Of wronged Ladies: These were all aray'd
In robes of *Needle-worke*, so rarely made,
That he which sees them, thinks he doth behold
Armours of steele, faire filetted with gold;
And as they marcht, their *Squires* did advance
Before each Knight his warlike *Shield* and *Lance*.
And after these, the Princely *Virgin-Bride*,
On whom all eyes were fastend, did divide
Her gentle paces, being led betweene
Two *Goddesses*; the one aray'd in greene,
On which the curious needle undertooke
To make a forest: here, a bubling brooke
Divides two thickets: through the which doth flie
The single *Deere*, before the deep-mouth'd Crie,
That closely followes: there, th'affrighted Herd
Stands trembling at the mischiefe, and afeard
Of every shadow, gazes to and fro,
Not knowing where to stay, or where to goe:
Where, in a *Landskip*, you may see the *Fennes*

Following their crying mothers o'r the *Lawnes*;
The other was in robes, the purer die
Whereof, did represent the mid-day skie
Full of *black clouds*; through which, the glorious *beames*
Of the victorious *Sun* appeares, and seemes
As 'twere to scatter; and at length, to shed
His brighter glory, on a fruitfull bed
Of noisome weeds, from whence you might discerne
A thousand painefull *Bees* extract and earne
Their sweet provision: and, with laden thighes
To beare their waxy burthens: On this wise
The princely *Bride* was led betwixt these two,
The first, was she, that on *Acteons* brow
Reveng'd her naked chastity: the other
Was she, to whom *Loves* pregnant braine was mother
Through *Vulcans* help; and these did joyntly hold
Upon her head, a *Coronet* of gold;
Whose traine *Diana's* Virgin-crew, all crown'd
With golden wreathes, supported from the ground.
Next after her, upon the triumph waited
An order, by *Diana* new created,
And styl'd *The Ladies of the Maidenhead*,
In white, wrought here and there with spots of red,
And every spot appeared as a staine
Of lovers blood, whom their coy hearts had slaine;
Ranckt three and three, and on each head a crowne
Of *Primeroses*, and *Roses* not yet blowne.
Next whom, the Beauties of th' *Arcadian* Court
March'd two and two, whose glory came not short
Of what th' unlimited and studied art
Of glory-vying Ladies could impart
To such solemnities, where every one
Strove to excell, and to be excell'd of none.
Thus came they to the *Temple*, where attended

The

The ſacred *Prieſts*, whoſe voices recommended
The daies ſucceſſe to heaven, and did divide
A bleſſing 'twixt the *Bridegroome*, and the *Bride*;
Which done, and after low obeyſance made,
The firſt (while all the reſt kept ſilence) ſaid:
Welcome to Juno's *ſacred Courts*; *Draw neare:*
Vnſpotted Lovers, welcome: doe not feare
To touch this holy ground; paſſe on ſecure;
Our gates ſtand open to ſuch gueſts, as you are;
Our gracious Goddeſſe *grants you your deſires,*
And hath accepted of thoſe holy fires
We offer'd in your name, and takes a pleaſure
To ſmell your Incenſe, *in ſo great a meaſure*
Of true delight, that we are bold to ſay,
She crownes your vowes, and ſmiles upon this day.
So ſaid, they bowed to the ground, and bleſt
Themſelves; that done they ſingled from the reſt
The noble *Bridegroome*, and his *Princely Bride*,
And ſaid, *Our gracious Goddeſſe be our guide,*
As we are yours; And as they ſpake that word,
Their vvell-tun'd voices ſweetly did accord
With *Muſick* from the *Altar*: as along
They paſt, they gently warbled out this ſong:

THus in pompe and prieſtly pride,
To glorious Juno's Altar *goe we;*
Thus to Juno's altar *ſhow we*
The noble Bridegroome *and his* Bride:
Let Juno's *hourely bleſſings ſend ye*
As much joy as can attend ye.

May theſe Lovers never want
True joyes, nor ever beg in vaine
Their choice deſires; but ſtraine
What they can wiſh, or ſhe can grant.

Let:

Let Juno's *hourely bleſſing ſend ye*
As much joy as can attend ye.
From ſatiety, from ſtrife,
From Jealouſie, domeſtick jars,
From thoſe blows, that leave no ſcars,
Juno *protect your marriage life,*
Let Juno's *hourely bleſſing ſend ye*
As much joy as can attend ye.

Thus to Hymens *ſacred bands,*
We commend your chaſt deſerts,
That as Juno *link'd your hearts,*
So he would pleaſe to joyne your hands;
And let both their bleſſings ſend ye
As much joy as can attend ye.

No ſooner was this Nuptiall *Caroll* ended,
But bowing to the ground, they recommended
This Princely paire (both proſtrate on the floore)
And with their hands preſented them before
The ſacred Altar, whereunto they brought
Two milk-white *Turtles*; and with prayers, beſought
That *Juno's* lasting favours would deſcend,
And make their pleaſures, pleaſures without end.
With that a horrid crack of dreadfull thunder,
Poſſeſt each trembling heart with feare and wonder,
The rafters of the holy Temple ſhooke,
As if accurſed *Archimagoes* booke
(That curſed Legion) had been newly read:
The ground did tremble, and a miſt ore-ſpread
The darkned *Altar*.
At length, deep ſilence did poſſeſſe and fill
The ſpacious *Temple*: all was whiſt and ſtill.

When

When, from the clouded *Altar*, brake the ſound
Of heavenly *Muſick*, ſuch as would confound
With death, or raviſhment, the earth-bred eare,
Had not the *Goddeſſe* given it ſtrength to beare
So ſtrong a rapture. As the *Muſick* ended,
The miſt on ſudden vaniſht, and aſcended
From whence it came. The *Altar* did appeare,
And *aſhes* lying, where the *Turtles* were:
Neere which, great *Hymen* ſtood, not ſeen before;
His purple *Mantle* was embroydred ore (behold
With *Crowns* of *Thorne*, 'mongſt which you might
Some, here and there, (but very few) of gold;
Upon each little ſpace, that did divide
The ſeverall crowns, a *Gordian* knot was tide;
And turning to the *Prieſt* he thus began;

What meane theſe fumes? Say, what hath mortall man
To doe with us? What great requeſt? what ſuit
Does now attend us, that they thus ſalute
Our noſtrils, with ſuch acceptable ſavours?
Tell us, wherein doe they implore the favours
Of the pleas'd gods? for by the eternall throne
And majeſty of heaven, it ſhall be done.

Whereto, with bended knees, they thus replide;
Great god; this noble Bridegroome, and this Bride,
Whom we, moſt humbly, here preſent before
Great Juno's *ſacred* Altar, *doe implore*
Your gracious aid: that with your nuptiall bands
Your grace would pleaſe to tye their promis'd hands.

With that he ſtraight deſcends the holy ſtaires,
And with his widened armes divides and ſhares
An equall bleſſing 'twixt them both, and ſaid;

Noble Youth, and lovely Maid,
Heaven accepts your pleaſing fires,
And hath granted your deſires:

By the mystery of our power,
First, we consecrate this bower
To Juno's *name, that she would blesse*
Our prosp'rous actions with successe.
With this oyle (which we appoint
For holy uses) we anoint
Your temples, and with nuptiall bands
Thus we firmely joyne your hands:
Be joyn'd for ever: and let none
Presume t'undoe, what we have done;
Be joyn'd till lawlesse Death *shall sever*
Both hands and hearts: Be joyn'd for ever:
Eternall curses we allot
To those, till then, shall loose this knot.

So said, he blest them both in *Juno's* name,
And from their sight he vanisht in a flame:
That done, they rose, and with new fumes saluted
The smoaking *Altar*: Thrice they prostituted
Their bended bodies on the holy ground,
Where, sending forth the well accepted sound
Of *thankes* and *vowes*, from their divided heart,
They kisse the sacred *Altar*, and depart;
And, with the selfe-same *Triumph* as they came,
Returned; whilst the louder *Trump* of Fame
With a full blast sends forth a shrill retreat,
And re-conducts them to the *Hall of State*,
Whose richly furnisht table would invite
A bed-rid stomack to an Appetite,
And make the wastefull *glutton* that does eate
His uncam'd dyet with his daily sweat,
Behold his heaven in a more ample measure,
Then he had hopes to purchase, with the treasure
Of his best faith; such were the dainties, such
The vyands, that I dare not think to vanish.

To

To terme it *Paradise*, where all things did
Offer themselves, and nothing was forbid:
Soone as the *Marshall* of this princely feast
Had in his rightfull seat, plac'd every guest,
A soft harmonious rapture did confine
All tongues with wonder, as a thing divine.
Forthwith, with joyned hands and smiling faces,
With habits more unequall then their paces,
A jolly paire drew neare the table; th'one
In greene; His pamper'd body had out-growne
His seame-ript garments, all embroyder'd over
With spreading Vines, whose fruitfull leaves did cover
Their swelling Clusters; his out-strutting eyes
Star'd in his head: his dropsie swollen thighes
Quagg'd as he went; his purple colour'd snout
Was deeply furnisht and enricht about
With *Carbuncles*; around his browes did twine
Full laden Clusters, ravisht from the *Vine*.
The other was a *Lady*, whom the Sun
With his bright rayes had too much gaz'd upon:
The colour of her silken mantle was
Twixt greene and yellow, like the fading grasse:
On which were wrought enclosed fields of corne,
Some reap'd, some bound in sheaves, & some unshorn:
Well favour'd was her count'nance, plump & round;
Her golden Tresses dangled to the ground;
Her temples bound with full ripe eares of *Wheat*,
Wreath'd like a *Girland*: frequent drops of sweat
Downe from her swarthy browes did slily trickle,
And in her Sun-burnt hand she bare a *sickle*.
Thus usher'd, with a *Bag-pipe* to the Table,
They both stood mute: *Bacchus* as yet unable
To challenge language from his breathlesse tongue,
Till smiling *Ceres* thus began the song.

VVElcome faireſt Virgin Bride,
Welcome to our jolly feaſt:
Taſte what Ceres *did provide*
For ſo faire, ſo faire a gueſt.
Bacch. *Taſte what* Bacchus *did provide*
For ſo faire, ſo faire a gueſt:
Welcome faireſt Virgin Bride,
Welcome to our jolly feaſt.
Chor. *Our conjoyned bounties doe*
Make Mars *ſmile, and* Venus *too.*
Ceres. *Welcome noble* Bridegroome *hither;*
Worlds of bliſſe, and joy attend ye:
Freely welcome both together,
See what Ceres *bounty ſends ye.*
Bacch. *Freely welcome both together,*
See what Bacchus *bounty ſends ye.*
Welcome noble Bridegroome *hither;*
Worlds of bliſſe, and joy attend ye.
Chor. *Our conjoyned bounties doe*
Make Mars *ſmile, and* Venus *too.*
Ceres. *Here is that, whoſe ſweet variety*
Gives you pleaſure and delight;
Makes you full without ſatietie;
Waſtes the day, and haſtes the night.
Bacch. *This will rouze the man of warre*
When the drum ſhall beat in vaine,
When his ſpirits drooping are,
This will make them riſe againe.
Chor. *You that joyntly doe inherit*
Venus *beauty*, Mars *his ſpirit,*
Freely taſte our bounty; ſo
Mars *ſhall ſmile, and* Venus *too.*
The Song thus ended, joyning hands together,
They bow'd & waniſht, none knew how, nor whither.

To

To make relation of each quaint deviſe,
That Art preſented their unwearied eyes;
The nature of their mirth, of their diſcourſe;
The dainties of the firſt, the ſecond courſe:
The ſecret glances of the *Bridegroomes* eye
On his faire *Bride*; how oft ſhe bluſht, and why,
Were but to rob the *Bridegroome* of his right,
Who counts each howre a Summers day till night.
Me thinks it grieves me, that my pen ſhould wrong
Poore Lovers diſappointed hopes ſo long:
And it repents me ſo, that oftentimes
Me thinks I could be angry with my Rimes,
And for the cruell ſinnes that they commit
In being tedious, ſome I wiſh unwrit:
Let it ſuffice, what glory, what delight,
What ſtate, or what to pleaſe the appetite,
The eye, the eare, the fancy; In a word,
What joy ſo ſhort a ſeaſon could afford
To well prepared hearts, was here expreſt
In this our Nuptiall, this our Princely *feaſt*.
Thus when the board was voided, and the *Sewer*
Had now reſign'd his office with the *Ewer*,
The curious linnen gone; and all the rights
Perform'd, that long to feſtivall delights;
The light-foot *Hermes* enters in the Hall,
Holds forth the *Caduce*, and adjures them all
To depth of ſilence; tels them, 'tis his taske
To let them know, the gods intend a *Maske*,
To grace theſe *Nuptialls*; and with that he ſpred
His ayre-dividing pinions and fled.

When ſilence thus had charmed every eare
With wonder and attention, they might heare
The winged Quiriſters *of night, about*
In every corner, ſweetly warbling out

The Maſque of the Gods.

Their Philomelian *ayres, and wilder note,*
Which nature taught them to divide, by rote;
So that the Hall did seeme a shady Grove,
Wherein by turnes, th'ambitious Quire *strove*
T'excell themselves.
While thus their eares were feeding with delight
Vpon these straines, the Goddesse of the night
Enters the Scene; *Her body was confinde*
Within a coale-black Mantle, *thorow linde*
With sable Furres; *her Tresses were of hiew*
Like Ebony, *on which a* Pearly *dew*
Hung, like a spiders Web; *her face did shrowd*
A swarth Complexion, *underneath a cloud*
Of black curld Cypresse: *On her head, she wore*
A Crowne *of burnisht* Gold, *beshaded o're*
With Foggs *and* rory mist; *her hand did beare*
A Scepter *and a sable* Hemisphere;
She sternely shooke her dewy locks, and brake
A melancholy *smile, and thus bespake;*
Drive on, drive on, (dull *Waggoner*) let slippe
Your looser reines, and use thine idle whippe,
Thy pamperd *Steeds* are pursie, drive away,
The lower world thinks long to see the day;
Darkenesse befits us best; and our delight
Will relish farre more sweeter in the night;
Approach (ye blessed *shadowes*) and extend
Your early jurisdiction, and befriend
Our nightly sports, Approach, make no delay,
It is your Queene, your Soveraigne calls away.
With that, a sudden darkenesse fill'd the Hall;
The light was banisht, and the windowes all
So neerely clos'd their eye-lids round about,
That day could not get in, nor darkenesse out;
Thus while the death resembling shades of night

Had

Had drawne their misty Curtaines *twixt the light*
And every darkned eye, which was denide
To see, but that, which darknesse could not hide;
The jealous god, fearing he knowes not whom,
(Indeed whom feares he not?) enters the roome,
And with his club-foot groping in the shade
Of night, he mutter'd forth these words, and said;
Where is this wanton *Harlot* now become? Vulcans speech.
Is light so odious to her? or is home
So homely in her wandring eyes, that she
Must still be rambling, where unknowne to me?
Can nothing be concluded, nothing done,
But intermedling *Venus* must be one?
Is't not enough that *Phœbus* does applaud
Her lust, but must *Nights Goddesse* be her baud?
Darknesse be gone, thou patroness to Lust;
If faire meanes may not rid thee, fouler must,
Away; my power shall out-charme thy charmes,
Ile finde her panting in her lovers armes.
Enter you *Lamplets* of terrestriall fire,
And let your golden heads (at least) conspire
To counterfeit a day, and on the night
Revenge the wrongs of *Phœbus*, with your light.
So said, the darkned Hall was garnisht round
With lighted Tapers. *Every object found*
An eye to owne it, and each eye was fill'd
With pleasure in the object it beheld.
As these deviseful changes did incite
Their quickned fancies, with a fresh delight,
Morpheus *came in; His dreaming pace was so,*
That none could say he mov'd, he mov'd so slow;
His folded armes, athwart his breast, did knit
A sluggard knot, his nodding chinne did hit
Against his panting bosome, as he past;

And

And oftentimes his eyes were cloſed faſt;
He wore a crown of Poppy *on his head;*
And, in his hand, he bore a Mace of Lead:
He yawned thrice, and after homage done
To nights black Soveraine, he thus begun:

Morpheus ſpeech.

Great Empreſſe of the world; To whom I owe
My ſelfe, my ſervice, my perpetuall vow;
Before the footſtoole of whoſe dreadfull throne
The Princes of this lower world lay downe
Their *Crowns* and *Scepters*; whoſe victorious hand
In twice twelve houres did conquer and command
This globe of earth, your ſervant (whoſe dependance
Quickens his power) comes to give attendance
Upon the early ſhadowes, and to ſeize
Upon theſe wearied mortals, when you pleaſe
T'appoint; till then, your ſervant is at hand
To put in execution your command.
To whom the ſmiling Goddeſſe thus replide.

The Goddeſs of the Nights ſpeech.

Morpheus, our pleaſure is to ſet aſide
This night to mirth, and time-beguiling ſports;
Our ſleep-reſtraining buſineſſe much imports
Your welcome abſence, whilſt our eares ſhall number
The flying houres; our *mirth* admits no ſlumber:
That word ſcarce ended, but the Queen of Love
Deſcended from her unſeen ſeat, above:
In her faire hand ſhe led her winged Sonne,
And like a full mouth'd tempeſt thus begun:

Venus ſpeech to Morpheus

Diſloyall *Sycophant*, Deaths baſtard brother,
Accurſed ſpaune, caſt from as curs'd a Mother;
That with thy baſe impoſtures rifleſt Man
Of halfe his daies, of halfe that little ſpan
Nature hath lent his life, that with thy wiles
Hugg'ſt him to death, betray'ſt him with thy ſmiles,
What mak'ſt thou here, and to uſurp my right

Per-

Perfidious *Caitife*! *Venus* day is night:
Goe to the frozen world, where mans desire
Is made of yce, and melts before the fire,
Yet ne'r the warmer: Goe, and visit fooles,
Or Phlegmatick oldage, whose spirit cooles
As quickly as their breath: Goe, what have we
To doe, (dull *Morpheus*) with thy Mace, or thee
As leaden as thy Mace? Th'art made for nought,
But to still children, or to ease the thought
Of brain-sick *Phranticks*; or, with joyes, to flatter
Poore slumbring soules, which wak'd, finde no such matter:
Goe succour those, that vent by quick retaile
Their wits, upon dear penny-worths of *Ale*:
Or marrow'd *Eunuchs*, whose adust desire
Wants means to slake the fury of their false fire:
O that I were a *Basilisk*, that I
Might dart my venome, or else venom'd die.
Boy, bend thy bow, and with thy forked dart,
Drawn to the head, thrill, thrill him to the heart:
Let flie Deaths *arrow*, or if thou hast none,
In deaths name send an arrow of thine owne:
We are both wrong'd, and in the same degree;
Shoot then, at once, revenge thy self and me.
With that the little angry god *did bend*
His steelen bow, and in deaths name did send
His winged messenger, whose faithfull haste
Dispatcht his irefull errand, and stuck fast
Within his pierced liver, and did hide
His singing feathers in his wounded side.
Morpheus *fell down, as dead, and on the ground*
Lay for a little season in a swound,
Gasping for breath. And Lovers dreames (they say)
Have evermore been wanton since that day:
Venus *was pleas'd: The* Goddesse of the night

And oftentimes his eyes were cloſed faſt;
He wore a crown of Poppy *on his head;*
And, in his hand, he bore a Mace of Lead:
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Gasping for breath. And Lovers dreames (they say)
Have evermore been wanton since that day:
Venus *was pleas'd: The* Goddesse of the night

Grew angry; she would needs resign her right
Of government, and in a spleen threw down
Her Hemisphere, *her* Scepter, *and her* Crown;
And, with a dusky fogge, she did besmeare
The face of Venus, *soild her golden haire*
With her black shades, and with foul tearms revil'd
Both her, her cuckold mate, and bastard child;
Whereat the god of war, *being much offended,*
Forsook both seat and patience, and descended;
And, to the world, he proffer'd to make good
Fair Venus *honour, with his deerest blood:*
To whom poor Vulcan (*puffing in a rage,*
To hear his well-known fortune on the stage)
Scrall'd many a thank; and with his crouching knee
Profest true love to such true friends as he.
And ever since, experience lets us know,
Cuckolds are kind to such as make them so.
By this god Morpheus *waking from his swound,*
Began to groan; and from his aking wound
Drew forth the buried shaft; but Mars (*whose word*
Admits no other second, but his sword)
Vnsheath'd his furious brondiron, and let flye
A blow at Morpheus *head, which had well-nye*
Cloven him in twain, had not the Queen of night
Hurl'd hasty mists before his darkned sight:
So that the sword, by a false guided aime,
Struck Vulcans *foot,* which ever since was lame:
At last the gods *came down, and thought it good*
To nippe this early quarrell in the bud;
Who fearing uproars, with a friendly cup
Of blest Nepenthe, *took the quarrell up:*
And, for th' offence committed, did proclaim
This sentence in offended Juno's *name.*
The sentence. *Morpheus* from hence is banisht, for this night,

And

And not t'approach before the morning light:
Mars is exil'd for ever, as a gueſt
Adjudg'd unfitting for a mariage feaſt.
Cupid is doom'd to rome and rove about
To the worldsend, and both his eyes put out.
Venus is cenſur'd to perpetuall night,
And not (unleſſe by ſtealth) to ſee the light:
Her chiefeſt joy to be but pleaſing folly,
Perform'd with *madneſſe*, dog'd with *melancholy*.
And here the Muſick *did invite their paces*
To meaſure time, and by exchange of places
To lead the curious beholders eye
A willing captive to variety.
Thus, with the ſweet viciſſitude of mirth
They ſpent the time, as if that heaven and earth
Had ſtudied to pleaſe man, in ſuch a meaſure,
That Art *could not doe more t'augment their pleaſure:*
And ſo they vaniſht.
Now *Ceres* evening bounty re-invites
Her noble gueſts, to her renew'd delights;
And frolick *Bacchus*, to refreſh their ſoules
With a full hand, preſents his ſwelling Bowles.
Wine came unwiſht, like water from a ſourſe;
And delicates were mingled with diſcourſe:
What *art* could doe to make a welcome gueſt,
Was liberally preſented at that feaſt.
It was no ſooner ended, but appeares
An old gray Pilgrim deeply ſtruck in yeares,
In tatter'd garments; In his wrinkled hand
An houre-glaſſe, labouring with her lateſt ſand;
Beneath his arme, a buffen Knapſack hung
Stuft full of writings in an unknown tongue,
Chronologies, out-dated *Almanacks*,
And *Patents*, that had long ſurviv'd their waxe:

Unto his ſhoulders *Eagle wings* were joyn'd:
His head ill thatcht before, but bald behind:
And leaning on his crooked *Sythe*, he made
A little pauſe, and after that, he ſaid;

Mortals 'tis out, my glaſſe is run,
And with it the day is done:
Dark ſhadows have expell'd the light,
And my glaſſe is turn'd for night:
The Queen of darkneſſe bids me ſay,
Mirth is fitter for the day:
Vpon the day, ſuch joyes attend,
With the day ſuch joyes muſt end.
Think not, Darkneſſe goes about,
Like death, to puffe your pleaſures out:
No, no, ſhee'l lend you new delights,
She hath pleaſures for the nights.
When as her ſhadows ſhall benight ye,
She hath what ſhall ſtill delight ye:
Aged Time *ſhall make it known,*
She hath dainties of her own:
'Tis very late, away, away,
Let day ſports expire with day:
For this time we adjourn your feaſt;
The Bridegroom fain would be at reſt:
And if the night-paſtimes diſpleaſe ye,
Day will quickly come, and eaſe ye.

With that, a ſweet vermilian tincture ſtain'd
The *Brides* fair cheeks; The more that ſhe reſtrain'd
Her bluſh, the more her diſobedient blood
Did overflow; as if a ſecond flood
Had meant to riſe; and, for a little ſpace,
To drown that vvorld of beauty in her face:
She bluſht; (but knew not vvhy) And like the *Moon*,
She look'd moſt red, upon her going down.

But

But ſee: The ſmiling Ladies do begin
To joyn their whiſpring heads, as there had been
A plot of treaſon: till at length, unſpide,
They ſtole away th'unwilling-willing *Bride*:
Their buſie hands unrob'd her, and ſo led
The timorous Virgin to her *Nuptiall* bed.
By this, the *Nobles* having recommended
Their tongues to ſilence, their diſcourſe being ended
They look'd about, and thinking to have done
Their ſervice to the *Bride*, the *Bride* was gone:
And now the *Bridegroome* (unto whom delay
Seem'd worſe then death) could brook no longer ſtay:
Attended by his noble gueſts, he enters
That roome, where th'enterchangeable *Indentures*
Of deareſt love, lay ready to be ſeal'd
With mutuall pleaſures not to be reveal'd.
His garments grew too tedious, and their waight
(Not able to be born) do over-fraight
His weary ſhoulders: *Atlas* never ſtoopt
Beneath a greater burthen, and not droopt;
No help was wanting, for he did receive
What ſudden aid he could expect, or have
From ſpeedy hands, from hands that did not waſte
The time; unleſſe (perchance) by over-haſte;
Mean while, a dainty warbling breſt, not ſtrong,
As ſweet, preſents this *Epithalmion* ſong.

Man of warre, march bravely on,
The field's not eaſie to be wonne;
There's no danger in that warre,
Where lips both ſwords and bucklers are.
Here's no cold to chill thee,
A bed of down's thy field:
Here's no ſword to kill thee,
Vnleſſe thou pleaſe to yeeld.

Here is nothing will incumber,
Here will be no ſcars to number.
Theſe be wars of Cupids *making,*
Theſe be wars will keep you waking,
Till the early breaking day
Call your forces hence, away.
Theſe be wars that make no ſpoile,
Death *here ſhoots his ſhafts in vain;*
Though the ſouldiers get a foile,
He will rouze and fight again.
Theſe be wars that never ceaſe,
But conclude a mutuall peace.
Let benign and proſp'rous ſtars,
Breathe ſucceſſe upon theſe wars,
And when thrice three months be run,
Be thou father of a ſon;
A ſon that may derive from thee
The honour of true merit,
And may to ages, yet to be,
Convey thy blood, thy ſpirit;
Making the glory of his fame
Perpetuate, and crown thy name,
And give it life in ſpight of death,
When Fame ſhall want both trump and breath.

Have you beheld in a fair Summers Even
The golden-headed Charioter of Heaven,
With what a ſpeed his prouder reines do bend
His panting horſes to their journeys end:
How red he looks, with what a ſwift careere
He hurries to the lower Hemiſphere,
And in a moment ſhoots his golden head
Upon the pillow of bluſhing *Thetis* bed:
Even ſo the Bridegroome (whoſe deſire had wings
More ſwift then *Time*, ſwitcht on with pleaſure) ſprings

Into

Into his Nuptiall bed; and look how faſt
The ſtooping Faulcon clips, and with what haſte
Her talons ſeize upon the timorous prey,
Even ſo his armes (impatient of delay)
His circling armes embrac'd his bluſhing Bride,
While ſhe (poor ſoul) lay trembling by his ſide.
The Bridegroome now grows weary of his gueſts,
What mirth of late was pleaſing, now moleſts
His tired patience: Too much ſweet offends;
Sometimes to be forſaken of our friends,
In *Cupids* moralls, is obſerv'd to be
The fruits of friendſhip, in the beſt degree.
And thus at laſt, the curtaines being clos'd,
They left them, each in others armes repos'd.
And here my Muſe *bids draw our curtaines too,*
'Tis unfit to ſee what private Lovers doe.
Reader, let not thy thoughts grow over rank,
But vail thy underſtanding with a Blank,
Think not on what thou thinkſt: and, if thou canſt,
Yet underſtand not what thou underſtandſt.
Sow not thy fruitfull heart with ſo poor ſeeds:
Or if, perchance (unſown) they ſpring like weeds,
Vſe them like weeds, thou knowſt not how to kill:
Slight them, and let them thrive againſt thy will;
View them like evills, that Art cannot prevent,
But ſee thou take no pleaſure in their ſent.
And one thing more; When as the morning light
Shall bring the baſhfull Bride *into thy ſight,*
Be not too cruell; Let no wanton eye
Diſturb, and wrong her conſcious modeſty:
And if ſhe bluſh, examine not for what;
Nay though thou ſee it (Reader) ſee it not.
And ſhall our ſtory diſcontinue here?
Or want a period, till another yeare?

Shall

Shall we befriend theſe Lovers, with the night,
And leave them buried in their own delight,
And ſo conclude? No, it ſhall ne'r be ſed,
That mariage joyes end in the mariage bed:
Fond and adulterate is that love, which founds
Her happineſſe on ſuch unſtable grounds;
And, like a ſudden blaze, it never laſts,
But as the pleaſure waxes cold, it waſts.
Now *Argalus* awakes, and now the light
Is even as welcome to him as the night:
His eyes are fixt upon his lovely Bride,
Whiles ſhe lies ſweetly ſlumbring by his ſide:
She ſleeps, he views her; Thrice his minde was bent
To call *Parthenia*, and thrice it did repent;
Sometimes his lips, with a ſtoln kiſſe would greet
Her guiltleſſe lips; (*They ſay ſtoln goods are ſweet*)
At length, ſhe wakes, and hides her bluſhing cheeks
In his warm boſome, where ſhe ſafely ſeeks
For *Sanctuary*, whereunto ſhould fly
The guilt of her protected modeſty:
He ſmiles, and whiſpers in her deafned eare;
(*Women can underſtand, and yet not heare*)
He ſpeaks, but ſhe (even whilſt his lips were breaking
Their words) with hers, did ſtop his lips frō ſpeaking.
When thrice three *Suns* had now almoſt outworn
The rare ſolemnities that did adorn
Theſe Princely *Nuptials*, and had made report
Grow ſomething ſparing in th' *Arcadian* Court,
The *Bridegroome* whoſe endeavours were addreſt,
To practice what might pleaſe his fair *Bride* beſt,
Reſolv'd to leave *Kalanders* houſe, and crown
Parthenia ſole Commandreſſe of her own:
Long was it ere *Kalanders* liberall eare
Could be unlockt; it had no power to heare

The world farewell: Still *Argalus* intreated,
And fram'd excuſes; which he ſoon defeated.
But as the ſtout *Alcides* did cauſhiere
One riſing head, another would appeare:
Even ſo, whilſt his ingenuous love did ſmother
One cauſe of parting he would finde another.
Kalander thus at laſt, (being over-wrought
With words, which importunity had taught
Inexorable *Argalus*) was fain
To yeeld, what he ſo long gain-ſaid, in vain.
'Tis now concluded, *Argalus* muſt goe,
But yet *Kalander* muſt not leave them ſo;
There is no parting, till the aged ſire
Shall warm his fingers by *Partheniaes* fire.
Parthenia ſues, *Kalander* muſt not reſt,
Till he become *Partheniaes* promis'd gueſt.
The morrow next, when *Titans* early ray
Had given fair earneſt of a fairer day;
And, with his trembling beams, had repoſſeſt
The eyes of mortals, newly rouz'd from reſt,
They left *Kalanders Caſtle*; and that night
Arriv'd they at the *Palace of delight*:
(For ſo 'twas call'd) it was a goodly ſeat,
Well choſen; not capacious, as neat;
Yet was it large enough to entertain
A potent Prince, with all his Princely train;
It ſeem'd a Center to a Park, well ſtor'd
With Deer, whoſe well-thriven bounty did afford
Continuall pleaſure and delight; nay what
That earth calls good, this *Seat* afforded not:
Th'impatient *Faulkner* here may learn to ſay
Forgotten prayers, and bleſſe him every day.
The patient *Angler*, here, may tire his wiſh,
And (if he pleaſe) may ſwear, and yet catch fiſh.

The ſneaking Fowler may goe boldly on,
And ne'r want ſport untill his powder's done:
And to conclude, there was no ſtint, no meaſure
To th'old mans profit, or the young mans pleaſure:
Thither this night the Nuptiall troopis gone;
And now *Parthenia's* welcome to her owne:
But would you hear what entertainment paſt:
Conceive it rather; for my quill would waſt
Th'unthriving ſtock of my beſpoken time,
While ſuch free bounty cannot ſtand with rime:
But that which moſt did ſeaſon, and imbelliſh
Their choice delights, and gave the trueſt reliſh
To their beſt mirth, and pleaſures; was, to ſee
With what a ſweet conjugall harmony
All things were carry'd: Every word did prove
To adde ſome acquiſition to their love:
So one they were, that none could juſtly ſay,
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey:
He rul'd, becauſe ſhe would obey; and ſhe,
In thus obeying, rul'd as well as he:
What pleaſed him, would need no other cauſe
To pleaſe her too, but onely his applauſe;
A happy pair, whoſe double life, but one;
Made one life double, and the ſingle, none.

Thus when th'unconſtant Lady of the night
Had chang'd her ſharpned horns, for an orbe of light:
Kalander (whoſe occaſions grew too ſtrong,
And may not be diſpens'd withall too long)
Takes leave, and (being equall heavy hearted
With ſad *Parthenia* for his haſte) departed:
But *Argalus* (who never yet could owne
Himſelf with more advantage then alone)
And fair *Parthenia* (whoſe well-pleas'd deſire
Hopes nothing elſe, if *Argalus* be by her)

Need

Need not the help of any to augment
The better joyes of their retir'd content:
Sometimes the curious *garden* would invite
Their gentle pacts to her proud delight;
Sometimes the well-ſtor'd *Park* would change their pleaſure,
And tender to her view, their light-foot treaſure;
Where th'unmoleſted *Hind* would ſeem to ſtand,
And crave a death at fair *Parthenias* hand;
Sometimes her ſteps would climb th'ambitious *Tower*,
From whoſe aſpiring top they might diſcover
A little Common-wealth of land, which none
But *Argalus*, durſt challenge as his owne:
Sometimes (for change of pleaſure) he would read
Selected ſtories, whilſt her eares would feed
Upon his lips, and now and then a kiſſe
Would interpoſe like a *parentheſis*,
Between their ſemicircled arms, inclos'd;
(O what dull ſpirit could be indiſpos'd
To reade ſuch lines) and whilſt upon the book
His eyes were fix'd, her pleaſed eyes would look
Upon the gracefull Reader, and eſpie
A ſtory far more pleaſing, in his eye.
Upon a day as they were cloſely ſeated,
Her eares attending, whilſt his lips repeated
A ſtory, treating the renown'd adventures
And famous acts of great *Alcides*; enters
A *Meſſenger*, whoſe countenance did bewray
A haſte too ſerious to admit delay;
His hand preſents him Letters, which did bring
Their ſealed errand from th' *Arcadian* King;
Whereat *Parthenia* roſe, and ſtept aſide;
Her thoughts were troubled; ever as ſhe ey'd
The meſſenger, her colour comes and goes;
Parthenia feares; and yet *Parthenia* knowes

Not what to feare; Her jealous heart knows how
To fear an evill, becauſe it fears to know;
And as he read the lines, her eye was fixt
Upon his eye, which ſeem'd to ſtrive betwixt
A thouſand thwarting paſſions: Once he caſt
His eyes on her, and finding hers ſo faſt
On his, he bluſht, ſhe bluſht, both bluſht together,
Becauſe they bluſht for what, unknown to either.
The letter being read, (and having kiſt
Baſilius name) he ſpeedily diſmiſt
The *Meſſenger*, with promiſe to obey
Baſilius juſt commands without delay;
That done, he took *Parthenia* by the hand,
His dear *Parthenia*, by the trembling hand;
And to her greedy eye he ſtraight preſents
The paper; ballac'd with its ſad contents:
Parthenia, with a fearfull ſlowneſſe took it,
And with a fearfull haſte did overlook it:
Her face being blanched with the pallid ſignes
Of what ſhe fear'd too ſoon, ſhe read theſe lines.

Baſilius Rex.

WHereas the famous and victorious name
Of great Amphialus, *makes the trump of Fame*
Breathe nothing but his conqueſts, and renown;
Whoſe lawleſſe actions fortune ſtrives to crown
(In ſpight of juſtice) with a victors merit,
Reſpecting more the greatneſſe of his ſpirit,
Then juſtneſſe of his cauſe; to the diſhonour
Of vertue, and all ſuch as wait upon her.
And furthermore; whereas his power is known
T'oppugne the welfare of our State *and* Crown,
With ſtrong rebellion, to the high advancement
Of his diſloyall glory, and inhancement

of

Of his perfidious name, the great increase
Of factions, and disturbance of our peace:
Likewise, whereas his high prevailing hand
(Against the force whereof no flesh can stand)
Could ne'r be equall'd yet, much lesse o'recome;
But with loud triumph, still does carry home
The spoiles of our lost honour, to the fame
Of his rebellious glory, and our shame:
We therefore in our princely care perpending
The serious premisses, and much depending
On your known courage, have selected you
To stand our Champion *royall, and renew*
Our wasted honour, with your sword and lance
In equall Duell; *Thus you shall advance*
The glorious pitch of your renowned name
With the brave purchace of eternall fame:
In this you shall revive our dying glory,
And live the subject of this ages story,
(Which shall be read till time shall have an end)
And tie Basilius *your perpetuall friend.*

To our right trusty and noble kinsman Argalus.

But as she read, her tears did trickle down
Upon the lines, as if they meant to drown
Th'unwelcome message, and at length, she said,
Ah me (my Argalus*) was't this you made*
Such haste to answer? did that answer need
To be returned with so great a speed?
Can you, oh can you be so quickly won
To leave your poor Parthenia, *and be gone?*
To whom resolved *Argalus* (whose eye
Was fixt upon his honour) made replye,
My deare Parthenia, *were it to obtain*
The unsumm'd wealth of Pluto; *or to gain*

The ſoveraignty of the earth without expence
Of blood or ſweat, without the leaſt pretence
Of danger, my ambition would deſpiſe
The eaſie conqueſt of ſo great a prize,
If purchas'd by thy diſcontent, or by
The pooreſt teare that trickles from thine eye.
But to recall my promiſe, or forſake
That reſolution honour bids me make
In this behalfe, or to betray that truſt
Repos'd in me, the gods would be unjuſt,
(And not themſelves) if they ſhould but command
Or urge me, with an over-ſwaying hand:
My dear Parthenia; *Let no falſe ſuggeſtion*
Abuſe thy paſſion; or preſume to queſtion
My deareſt love, though honour bids us part,
Yet honour cannot rob thee of my heart:
Honour, that cals me with her loud alarmes,
Will bring me back with Triumph *to thine armes.*
So ſaid, the ſad *Parthenia* (whoſe teares
Are turn'd *Lieutenants* to her tongue) forbeares
To tempt her language: *Griefes that are but ſmall*
Can ſpeak, when great ones cannot vent at all:
But tender-hearted *Argalus* (to whom
Such ſilence ſpeaks too loud) forſook the room:
And, with a breſt, as full of penſive care,
As honour, gave directions to prepare
His warlike *Steed*, his Martiall *attire*,
And all things, ſuch imployment does require.
And here O thou, thou great ſupreme Protectreſſe
Of bolder ſpirits, and the ſole directreſſe
Of lofty flying quills, which ſhall derive
To after-times, what glorious ſwords atchieve:
And mak'ſt the actions of heroick ſpirits
Perpetuate, and crown their names, their merits:

Illuſtrious

Illustrious Clio: *aide me and inspire*
My ragged rimes, with thy diviner fire:
Teach me to raise my style, and to attain
A pitch, that may transcend the vulgar strain:
Reach me a quill, rent from an Eagles wing:
And let my ink be blood: that I may sing
Death to the life: let him that reads, expound,
Each dash, a sword, and every word a wound.
By this, the *Champion Royall* had put on
His marshall weeds: but hasting to be gone,
The poor *Parthenia*, whose cold fit past
(Like those in agues) now does burn as fast:
She leaves the lonely roome, and comming out
She findes her *Argalus*, enclos'd about
With glittering walls of steele: apparell'd round
In his bright armes (whom she had rather found
Lockt up in hers) and wanting nothing now
But what her lips could not (poor soul) allow
Without a sea of tears, her last farewell,
She ran unto him, wept, and weeping fell
Upon her knees, she clasp't him by the arme,
And looking up, she thus began to charme:
My Argalus, *my* Argalus: *my deare*,
And wilt thou goe and leave Parthenia *here?*
Wilt thou forsake me then? and can these teares
Not intercede betwixt thy deafned eares
And my sad suit? Canst thou, O canst thou goe
And leave thy poore distrest Parthenia *so?*
Parthenia *sues*, Parthenia *does implore*,
Parthenia *begges, that never begg'd before*;
Remember, O remember you are mine,
Vnder the power of a sacred vow:
Honour must stoop to vows, which once being cracke
You cannot doe an honourable act:

I have a right unto you; you are mine:
I have that interest which Ile ne'r resigne
Till death: Ile never hazard to forgoe
My whole estate of happinesse, at one throw:
No, no, I will not: I will hold thee fast
In spight of Honour and her nine dayes blast:
Your former acts have given sufficient proof
To the wide world; your valour's known enough
Without a farther triall; there's enow
To lose their lives (lesse worthy) besides you;
'Twas then a time for armes, when you had none,
None other left to venture, but your owne:
Excuse me then, that onely doe endevour
To hold mine own, which now I must, or never;
Mine, mine you are, and you can undertake
No danger, but Parthenia *must partake;*
Shall your Parthenia *be indanger'd then?*
Parthenia *shall be present, even when*
The strokes fall thickest, and Parthenia *shall*
Suffer what ere to Argalus *may befall;*
Parthenia, *in your greatest pain, shall smart;*
Your blood shall trickle from Parthenia's *heart.*
Can prayers obtain no place? by this dear hand,
The sacred pledge of our conjugall band,
By all the pleasures of our dearest love;
By heaven, and all the heavenly powers above;
Or if those motives cannot finde a roome,
Yet by the tender fruit, that in my wombe
Begins to bud; or if ought else appear
To thy best thoughts more precious or more dear,
By that forsake me not, although the rest
Prevaile not, Grant this first, this last request.

To whom the broken-hearted *Argalus*,
Wearied, but not o'rcome, made answer thus:

My

My dear *Parthenia*: *Thy desires never*
Gainsaid my will, till now: Doe not persever
To crave that boon, I cannot grant: forbeare
To urge me: Resolution hath no eare:
Weep not, (my joy) Let not these drops of thine,
That trickle from so faire an eye, divine
A foule successe: Cheare up; a smile or two
Would make me half a conquerour, ere I go:
Shine forth, and let no envious cloud benight
The glorious luster of so fair a light;
Doubt not my life: the justnesse of my cause,
That brings me on, will quit me with applause:
Feare not, that such a blessing, such a wife
Was e'r intended for so short a life:
Expect my safe return; as quick, as glorious;
My Genius *tels me, I shall live victorious.*
So said, as if that passion had forgot
Her mother tongue, her tongue replied not:
But, like to one, new striken with the thunder,
She stood betwixt amazement, fear and wonder:
His lips took leave, and as his armes surrounded
Her feeble waste, she strait fell down, and swounded:
But *Argalus* transported with the tide
And tyranny of honour, could abide
No longer stay; he trusts her to the guard
Of her own women; left her, and repair'd
Unto the *Camp*; wherein, he spent some dayes,
In parley, with *Amphialus*; and assayes
By all perswasive meanes, to make him yeeld
To just demands, and not to stain the field
With needlesse blood; But finding him unapt
For peacefull counsell (being strongly rapt
With his own fame) and scorning to afford
His eare to any language, but the sword,

He ceas'd t'advise him; and (enforc'd to try
A rougher *Dialect*) wrote him this defie:
Renown'd *Amphialus*,
If strong perswasions, backt with reasons, could
Bin honour'd with your eare, your wisdome would,
In yeelding to so fair a peace, have won
As ample glory, as your sword hath done:
You should have conquer'd soules, where now at most,
You can subdue but bodies, that have lost
The power to resist: But since my suit,
Sown on so barren soile, can finde no fruit;
Receive a mortall challenge, from a hand,
Whose justice takes a glory to withstand
So foul a cause, and labours to subdue
Your heedlesse errors, whilst it honours you:
Compose you then, to make a preparation,
According to your noble wonted fashion;
And think not slight of ner so weak an arme
That strikes, when justice strikes up her alarme.

Argalus.

No sooner had he read it, but his pen,
With noble speed, return'd these lines again:
Much more renowned Argalus,
Your faithfull servant, whose victorious brow
Was never daunted yet, is daunted now,
By your brave courtesie, being striken dumbe
With your rare worth, and fairly overcome:
Yet doubting not the justnesse of my cause
(That's over-ruled by the sacred lawes
Of dearest love) will give my sword the power
Even to maintain it, to the latest houre:
I shall expect your comming in the list,
Where, with a heart, (not poyson'd with the bile
Or gall of malice) with my dearest blood,

Your

Your ſervant ſhall be ready to make good
His juſt deſignes: aſſured of no leſſe
Then treble fame, if crowned with ſucceſſe:
If not, there's no diſhonour can accrew
In being conquer'd, and o'rcome by you.

Amphialus.

Soon after *Argalus*, (whoſe blood did boile
To be in action) comes into the Ile,
Clad in vvhite *armour*, gilt and ſtrangely dreſt
With knots of womans hair, which from his creſt
Hung dangling down, & with their bounteous treaſure,
O'rſpred his *Corſlet* in a lib'rall meaſure;
His curious furniture was faſhion'd out,
Like to a *flying Eagle*, round about
Beſet with plumes, vvhoſe crooked beak (being caſt
Into a coſtly jewell) was made faſt
To th'ſaddle bow: Her ſpredden train did cover
His crooper, whilſt the trappers ſeem to hover
Like vvings, that, to the fixt beholders eye,
As the horſe pranc'd, the *Eagle* ſeem'd to flie.
Upon his arme (his threatning arme) he vvore
A ſleeve, all curiouſly embroydered o're
With bleeding hearts, vvhich fair *Parthenia* made
(In thoſe croſſe times, vvhen fortune ſo betraid
Their ſecret love, and vvith a ſmiling frown
Daſht their falſe hopes) as copies of her own.
Upon his ſhield (for his device) he ſet
Two neighb'ring *Palms*, whoſe budding branches met
And twin'd together; the obſcure *Impreſe*
Imported this, *Thus flouriſhing, as theſe:*
His *Horſe* vvas of a fiery Sorrell, black
His Main, his feet, his taile; on his proud back
A coal black *Liſt*: his noſtrills open vvide,
Breath'd vvarre, before his ſparkling eye deſcride

An enemy to encounter; up by turns,
He lifts his hasty hooses, as if he scorns
The earth, or if his tabring feet had found
A way, to goe, and yet ne'r change the ground.
By this, *Amphialus* (who all this while
Thought minutes years) was landed in the Ile,
In all respects provided, to afford
As bounteous entertainment, as the sword
And *Launce* could give: and at the trumpets sound,
The *Steeds*, (that needed not a prick to wound
Their bleeding flanks) both start, & with smooth run-
Their staves, declining with unshaken cunning, (ning
Perform'd their Masters will, with angry speed;
But *Argalus* his well instructed Steed
Being hot, and full of courage, (fiercely led
By his own pride) prest in his prouder head:
The which when stout *Amphialus* espide
(Well knowing it unsafe to give his side)
Prest likewise in, so that both men and horse;
Shouldring each other, with a double force
Fell to the ground; But by accustom'd skill,
And help of fortunes hand, that succours still
Bold spirits, shunn'd the danger of the fall,
And had (lesse fear'd then hurt) no harm at all:
They rose, drew forth their swords, which now begun
To do what their left staves had left undone.
Have ye beheld a *Leaguer*? In what sort
The deep-mouth'd *Cannon* playes upon the *Fort*,
And how by peece-meals it doth batter down
The yeelding *walls* of the besieged town?
Even so their swords (whose oft-repeated blows
Could finde no patience yet to enterpose
A breathing respite) with redoubled strength
So hew'd their proofelesse armours, that at length

Their

Their failing truſt began to prove unſound,
And peece by peece they dropt upon the ground,
Truſting their bodies to the bare defence
Of vertue, and unarmed innocence:
Such deadly blows were dealt, and ſuch requited,
That *Mars* himſelf ſtood raviſht and affrighted
To ſee the cruell *Combate*; every blow
Did act two parts; both ſtruck and guarded too
At ſelf-ſame inſtant. So incomparable
Their skilfull quickneſſe was, that none was able
To ſay, (although their watchfull eyes attended
The ſtrokes) who made the blow, or who defended:
Long was it ere their equall skill and force
Of armes could ſhew a better, or a worſe:
Neither prevail'd as yet; yet both excell'd
In not prevailing. Never eye beheld
More equall oddes: No wound as yet could ſhow
A drop of waſted blood, yet every blow
Was full of death: *When skilfull Gameſters play,*
The Chriſtmas boxe gains often more then they.
At length the ſword of *Argalus* (that never
Thirſted ſo long in vain till now; nor ever
Made victory doubtfull for ſo long a ſpace)
Faſtned a wound on the diſarmed face
Of the renown'd *Amphialus*, wherein
Had not his faithfull ſhield born part, and bin
An equall ſharer, his unequall foe,
No doubt, had ſumm'd his conqueſt in that blow;
With that the ſtout *Amphialus*, whoſe harme
Gave ſprightly quickneſſe to his wounded arme,
Upheav'd his thirſty Brondyron, and let flie
A down-right blow; but with a falſifie
Reverſt the ſtroke, and left a gaping wound
In his right arme; But *Argalus*, that found

A loſſe of blood, exchang'd his open play,
And for his more advantage cloſely lay
Upon a lower guard; vvithall expecting
A hop'd revenge, vvhich vvas not long effecting;
For vvhilſt *Amphialus* (vvhoſe hopes inflam'd
His tyrannous thoughts with conqueſt, & proclaim'd
Undoubted victory) heap'd his ſtrokes ſo faſt
As if each blow had ſcorn'd to be the laſt,
The vvatchfull *Argalus* (vvhoſe nimble eye
Diſpos'd his time, in onely putting by)
Put home a thruſt, (his right foot comming in)
And pierc'd his *Navell*; that the wound had bin
No leſſe then death, if *Fortune* (that can turn
A miſchief to advantage) had forborn
To ſhew a miracle; for with that blow
Amphialus laſt made, his arme had ſo
Oreſtruck it ſelf; that ſideward to the ground
He fell; and falling, he receiv'd that vvound
Which (had he ſtood) had enter'd in, point blanck,
But, falling, onely graz'd upon his flanck:
Being down; brave *Argalus* his threatning ſword
Bids yeeld; *Amphialus* anſwering not a vvord,
(As one, vvhoſe mighty ſpirit did diſdain
A life of almes) but ſtriving to regain
His legs, and honour, *Argalus* let drive,
With all the ſtrength a vvounded arme could give,
Upon his head; but his hurt arme (not able
To doe him preſent ſervice, anſwerable
To his deſires) let his vveapon fall;
With that *Amphialus* (though daz'd vvithall)
Aroſe, but *Argalus* ran in, and graſpt
(Being clos'd together) vvith him, vvhere both claſpt
And grip'd each in th'unfriendly armes of either,
A while they grapled, grapling fell together,

And

And on the ground, vvith equall fortune ſtrove;
Sometimes *Amphialus* was got above,
And ſometimes *Argalus*. Both joyntly vow'd
Revenge; Both wallow'd in their mingled blood,
Both bleeding freſh: Now *Argalus* bid yeeld;
And now *Amphialus*: Both would win the field,
Yet neither could; at laſt, by free conſent,
They roſe; and to their breathed ſwords they went:
The *Combat*'s now renew'd, both laying on,
As if the fight had been but new begun:
New wounds aſſwage the ſmarting of the old,
And warm blood entermingles with the cold:
But *Argalus* (whoſe wounded arm had loſt
More blood, then all his body could almoſt
Supply; and like an unthrift, that expends
So long as he hath either ſtock, or friends)
Bled more then his ſpent fountains could make good;
His ſpirit could give courage, but not blood.
As when two wealthy *Clyents*, that wax old
In ſuit (whoſe learned *Counſell* can uphold,
And gloze the cauſe alike, on either ſide)
During the time their termly golden tide
Shall flow alike from both; 'tis hard to ſay,
Who proſpers beſt, or who ſhall get the *Day*,
But he, whoſe water firſt ſhall ceaſe to flow,
And ebbe ſo long, till it ſhall ebbe too low,
His cauſe, (though richly laden to the brink
With right) ſhall ſtrike upon the *barre* and ſink,
And then an eaſie *Counſell* may unfold
The doubt; the *Queſtion's ended*, with the *gold*:
Even ſo our *Combatants*, the whilſt their blood
Was equall ſpilt; the cauſe ſeem'd equall good,
The victory equall, equall was their armes,
Their hopes were equall; equall was their harmes,

But

A losse of blood, exchang'd his open play,
And for his more advantage closely lay
Upon a lower guard; vvithall expecting
A hop'd revenge, vvhich vvas not long effecting;
For vvhilst *Amphialus* (vvhose hopes inflam'd
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The victory equall, equall was their armes,
Their hopes were equall, equall was their harmes,

But

But when poore *Argalus* his waſting blood
Ebb'd in his veins, (although it made a flood,
A precious flood, in the ungratefull field)
His cauſe, his ſtrength, (but not his heart) muſt yeeld:
Thus wounded *Argalus* the more he fail'd,
The more the proud *Amphialus* prevail'd:
With that, *Amphialus* (whoſe noble ſtrife
Was but to purchace honour, and not life)
Perceiving what advantage, in the fight
He gained, and the valour of the *Knight*,
Became his ſuitor, that himſelf would pleaſe
To pitty himſelf, and let the *Combat* ceaſe:
Which noble *Argalus* (that never us'd
In honour to part ſtakes) with thanks, refus'd;
(Like to a luckleſſe gameſter; who, the more
He loſes, is leſſe willing to give o're)
And filling up his empty veins with ſpite,
Begins to ſumme his forces, and unite
His broken ſtrength; and (like a Lamp that makes
The greateſt blaze at going out) he takes
His ſword in both his hands, and at a blow
Cleft armour, ſhield, and arme, almoſt in two:
But now enrag'd *Amphialus* forgets
All pitty; and truſting to his *Cards*, he ſets
That ſtock of courage, treaſur'd in his breſt,
Making his whole eſtate of ſtrength, his *Reſt*;
And vies ſuch blows, as *Argalus* could not ſee
Without his loſſe of life: ſo thundred he
Upon his wounded body, that each wound
Seem'd like an open *Sluce* of blood, that found
No hand to ſtop it, till the dolefull cry
Of a moſt beauteous *Lady*, (who well nigh
Had run her ſelf to death) reſtrain'd his arme
(Perchance too late) from doing further harme:

It was the fair *Parthenia*, who that night
Had dream'd, she saw her husband in the plight
She now had found him: Fear and Love together
Gave her no rest, till they had brought her thither:
The nature of her feare did now begin
T'expell the feare of *Nature*; stepping in
Between their pointing swords, she prostrate lay
Before their blood-bedabled feet, to say
She knew not what; for as her lips would strive
To be deliver'd, a deep sigh would drive
Th'abortive issue of her language forth,
Which, born untimely, perisht in the birth;
And if her sighs would give her leave to vent it,
O, then a teare would trickle, and prevent it;
But when the winde of her loud sighes had laid
The shower of her teares, she sobb'd and said:
O wretched eyes of mine! O wailfull sight!
O day of darkenesse! O eternall night!
And there she stopt, her eyes being fixt upon
Amphialus; she sigh'd and thus went on:
My Lord;
'Tis said you love: Then by that sacred power
Of Love, as you'd finde mercy in the howre
Of greatest misery, leave off; and sheath
Your bloody sword: or else if nought but death
May slake your anger, O let mine, let mine
Be a sufficient offring at the Shrine
Of your appeased thoughts, or, if you thirst
For Argalus *his life; then take mine first:*
Or, if for noble blood you seek, if so
Accept of mine; my blood is noble too,
And worth the spilling: Even for her deare sake,
Your tender soul affects, awake, awake
Your noble mercy: Grant I care not whether:

Let me die first: or kill us both together;
With that *Amphialus* was about to speak,
But *Argalus* (whose heart did almost break
To hear *Partheniaes* words) made this reply,
Parthenia, *ah* Parthenia, *Then must I*
Be bought and sold for teares: is my condition
So poore, I cannot live, but by petition?
So said; He stept aside (for fear, by chance,
The fury of some misguided blow may glance
And touch *Parthenia*) and fill'd with high disdain,
Would have begun the *Combat* fresh again:
But now *Amphialus* was charm'd; his hand
Had no sufficient warrant to withstand
Parthenia's suit, from whose fair eyes there came
Such precious teares, in so below'd a name;
His eyes grew tender, and his melting heart
Was overcome; his very soul did smart;
He stirred not, but kept him at a distance;
And (putting by some blows) made no resistance.
But what can long endure? Lamps wanting oyle,
Must out at last, although they blaze a while;
Trees wanting sap must wither: strength and beauty
Can claim no priviledge to quit that duty
They owe to *Time* and *Change*, but like a Vine
(The unsound supporters failing) must decline:
Poore *Argalus* grows faint, and must give o're
To strike; his feeble arm can strike no more;
And natures pale-fac'd *Ayde* now distrains
His blood, for that small debt that yet remains
Unpaid; His arm that cannot use the point,
Now leans upon the *pomell*, every joynt
Disclaims their idle sinews; and his eye
Begins to double every object by;
Nothing appears the same it was; the ground,

And

And all thereon does ſeem to dance the round;
His legges grow faint, and thinking to ſit down,
He miſt his Chair, and fell into a ſwoun:
With that *Amphialus* and *Parthenia* ran,
Ran in with haſte, *Amphialus* began
To looſe his *Helmet*, whil'ſt her buſie palm
Chaf'd his cold temples, and (diſtilling Balm
Into his wounds) her haſty fingers tore
Her linnen ſleeves, and Partlet that ſhe wore,
To wipe the tear-mixt-blood away, and wrap
His wounds withall; upon her panting lap
She laid his live-leſſe head, and (wanting bands
To binde his bloody cloathes) her nimble hands
(As if it were ordained for that end,
And therefore made ſo long) did freely rend
Her dainty hair, by handfuls from her head;
But as ſhe wrapt the wounds, her eyes would ſhed
And wet the rags ſo much, that ſhe was fain
With ſighes and ſobs to dry it up again:
Thus half diſtracted with her griefes and feares,
Theſe words ſhe intermingles with her teares:
Diſtreſt Parthenia! *Into what eſtate*
Hath fortune, and the direfull hand of Fate
Driven thy perplexed ſoul? O thou, O thou,
That wert the preſident of all joyes, but now,
Now turn'd th'example of all miſery
For torments, worſe then death, to practice by!
How leſſe then nothing art thou? and how more
Then miſerable! Thou that wert before
All Ladies of the earth for happineſſe
But very now, (ah me!) now nothing leſſe:
O angry heavens, what hath Parthenia *done,*
To be thus plagu'd? or why not plagu'd alone,
If guilty? what ſhall poore Parthenia *doe?*

To whom shall she complain? alas! or who
Shall give relieſe? nay who can give relieſe
To her that hopes for ſuccour from her griefe?
O death! Muſt we be parted then for ever;
And never meet again? what, never? never?
Or ſhall Parthenia *now be ſo unkinde,*
To leave her Argalus, *and ſtay behinde?*
No, no, my deareſt Argalus, *make roome,*
(There's roome enough in heaven) I come, I come.
Who ever ſaw a dying coal of fire,
Lurk in warm embers (till ſome breath inſpire
A forc'd revivall) how obſcure it lies,
And being blown, glimmers a while and dies:
So *Argalus*, to whom *Parthenia's* breath
Giving new life, (a life in ſpite of death)
Recall'd him from his death-reſembling trance,
Who from a panting pillow did advance
His feeble head, and looking up, he made
Hard ſhift to force a language, and thus ſaid;
My deare Parthenia: *Now my glaſſe is run,*
The Tapours tell me that the Play is done,
My dayes are ſumm'd, death ſeizes on my heart;
Alas! the time is come, and we muſt part:
Yet by my better hopes grim death doth bring
No griefe to Argalus, *no other ſting*
But this, that I muſt leave thee, even before
My gratefull actions can croſſe the ſcore
Of thy deare merits:
But ſince it pleaſes him, whoſe wiſdome ſtill
Diſpoſes all things by his better will,
Depend upon his goodneſſe, and rely
Upon his pleaſure not enquiring why,
And truſt that one day we ſhall meet, and then
Enjoy each other, ne'r to part agen:

Meane while live happy: Let Parthenia *make*
No doubt, but bleſſed Argalus *ſhall partake*
In all her joyes on earth, which ſhall increaſe
His joyes in heaven, and ſouls eternall peace;
Love well the dear remembrance of thy true
And faithfull Arg'lus; *let no thought renew*
My laſt diſgrace: Think not the hand of Fate
Made me unworthy, though unfortunate:
And as he ſpake that word, his lips did vent
A ſigh, whoſe violence had well-nigh rent
His heart in twain; and when a parting kiſſe
Had given him earneſt of approaching bliſſe,
He ſnatch'd his ſword into his hand, and cride,
O death! Thou art a Conquerour; and dide.
With that *Parthenia*, whoſe livelihood was founded
Upon his life, bow'd down her head and ſwounded;
But, Griefe, that (like a Lion) loves to play
Before it kills, gave Death a longer day,
Elſe had *Parthenia* dy'd, ſince death deprived
Him of his life, in whoſe dear life ſhe lived.
But ah! *Parthenia's* ſorrow was too deep;
Too too unruly, to be lull'd aſleep
By ought but death: She ſtartles from her ſwound,
And nimbly riſing from the loathed ground,
Kneels down, and laies her trembling hand upon
His luke-warm lips, but finding his breath gone,
Grief plays the tyrant, fierce diſtraction drives her
She knows not where, unbounded rage deprives her
Of ſenſe and language, here and there ſhe goes,
Not knowing what to doe, nor what ſhe does:
Sometimes, her fair miſguided hand would teare
Her beauteous face, ſometimes, her beauteous haire;
As if their uſe could ſtand her in no ſtead,
Since her beloved *Argalus* was dead.

But now *Amphialus* (that all this ſpace
Stood like an *Idoll* faſtned to his place;
Where with a world of teares he did bemone
The deed, that his unlucky hands had done)
Well knowing that his words would aggravate,
Not eaſe the miſery of her wofull ſtate,
Spake not, but caus'd her women that came with her
To urge her to the *Ferry*, where together
With her dead *Argalus* ſhe'mbarkt; from whom
She would not part: No ſooner was ſhe come
To t'other ſhore, but all the funerall ſtate,
Of military diſcipline did wait
Upon the *Corps*, whil'ſt troops of trickling eyes
Fore-ran the well-perform'd ſolemnities:
The marſhall *Trumpet* breath'd her dolefull ſound,
Whil'ſt others trail'd their *Enſignes* on the ground:
Thus was the moſt lamented *Corps* convaid
Upon a *Chariot*, lin'd, and over-laid
With *Sables*, to his houſe, a houſe, then night
More black, no more the *Palace of Delight*:
Where now we leave him to receive the *Crown*
Prepar'd for vertue, and deſerv'd renown;
Where now we leave him to be full poſſeſt
Of endleſſe peace, and everlaſting *Reſt*.
But who ſhall comfort poore *Parthenia* now?
What *Oratory* can prevaile? or how
Can counſell chuſe but bluſh to undergoe
So vain a taſk, and be contemned too?
May reaſon move a heart, whoſe beſt relief
Conſiſts in deſp'rate yeelding to a grief?
Or what advice can reliſh in her eares,
That weeps, and takes a pleaſure in her teares?
Readers, forbeare, ſorrows that are lamented
Are but exulcerated, but augmented;

Forbeare

Forbeare attempt, where there is no prevailing:
A desp'rate grief grows stronger by bewailing:
Leave her to time and fortune: let your eyes
No longer pry into her miseries;
True mourners love to be beheld of none,
Who truly grieves, desires to grieve alone.

But now our bloodhound *Muse* must draw, and track
Amphialus, and bring the murtherer back
To a new *Combate*: Where, if fortune please
To crown our *Tragick Scene*, and to appease
The crying blood of *Argalus*, with blood;
Our better reliſht ſtory (making good
Your hopefull expectations) ſhall befriend
The teares of our *Parthenia*, and end.

Soon as the ſtout *Amphialus* had out-worn
The danger of his wounds, and made return
Into the marſhall Camp, there to maintain
His new-got honour, and to entertain
Aggrieved challengers, that ſhall demand,
Or ſeek for ſatisfaction from his hand;
An armed *Knight* came praunſing o're the plain,
Denouncing war, and breathing forth diſdain:
Four Dam'ſels uſherd him, in ſable weeds;
And four came after, all on mourning Steeds;
His curious Armour was ſo painted over
With lively ſhadowes, that you might diſcover
The Image of a gaping Sepulchre;
About the which, were ſcattered here, and there
Some dead mens bones: His horſe was black as Jet,
His furniture was round about beſet
With *branches*, ſlipt from the ſad *Cypreſſe* tree,
His *baſes* (reaching farre below the knee)
Embroydred o're with worms: upon his ſhield,
For his *Impreſe*, he had a beauteous childe,

Whoſe

Whoſe body had two heads, whereof the t'one
Appear'd quite dead; the t'other (drawing on)
Did ſeem to gaſp for breath, and underneath,
This *Motto* was ſubſcrib'd, *From death, by death*;
Thus arm'd to point, he ſent his bold defie
T' *Amphialus*, who ſent as quick reply.
Forthwith, being ſummon'd, by the Trumpets ſound
They ſtart; but brave *Amphialus*, that found,
The *Knight* had miſt his reſt, (as yet not met)
Scorning to take advantage, would not let
His Launce deſcend, nor (bravely paſſing by)
Encounter his befriended Enemy:
Whereat the angry *Knight* (not apt to brook
Such unſupportable miſhap) forſook
His white-mouth'd *Steed*, throwing his *Launce* aſide,
(Which too too partiall fortune had denide
A fair ſucceſſe) drew forth his glittering ſword;
Whereat *Amphialus* lighted (who abhor'd
A conqueſt meerly by advantage gain'd,
Eſteeming it but robb'd, and not obtain'd)
Drew forth his ſword; and for a little ſpace
Their ſtrokes contended with an equall pace,
And fierceneſſe: He herein did more diſcover
A bravery, then anger, whilſt the other
Bewray'd more ſpleen, then either skill, or ſtrength,
To manage it: *Amphialus* at length,
With more then wonted eaſe, did batter ſo
His ill defended armour, that each blow,
Open'd a doore, for death to enter in;
And now the noble *Conqueror* does begin
To hate ſo poore a conqueſt, and diſdain'd
To take a life, ſo eaſily obtain'd,
And mov'd with pitty, (ſtepping back) he ſtaid
His unreſiſted violence, and ſaid,

Sir Knight, conteſt no more; but take the peace
Of your owne paſsion; Let the combate ceaſe,
Seeke not your cauſeleſſe ruine; turne your arme
(Better imploy'd) 'gainſt ſuch, as wiſh you harme,
Husband your life, before it be too late,
Fall not by him, that ne'r deſerv'd your hate.
To whom, the *Knight* return'd theſe words againe.
Thou lyeſt falſe Traitor, *and I here diſdaine*
Both words and mercy with a baſe defie,
And to thy throat, my ſword ſhall turne the lye.
To whom *Amphialus*; *Vneivill Knight,*
Couragious in nothing, but in ſpight,
And baſe diſcourteſie, thou ſoone ſhalt know
Whether thy tongue betrayes thy heart or no:
And as he ſpake, he gave him ſuch a wound]
Upon the neck, as ſtruck him to the ground:
And, with the fall, his ſword (that now denyde
All mercy) fiercely tilts into his ſide;
That done; he loos'd his *Helmet*, with intent,
To make his overlaviſh tongue repent
Of theſe baſe words, he had ſo baſely ſaid,
Or elſe, to crop him ſhorter by the head.
Who ever ſaw th'illuſtrous eye of noone
(New broken from a gloomy cloud) ſend downe
His earth-rejoycing glory, and diſplay
His golden beames upon the ſonnes of *Day*;
Even ſo, the *Helmet* being gone, a faire
And coſtly treaſure of unbrayded haire
O'rſpred the ſhoulders of the vanquiſht Knight,
Whoſe now diſcover'd viſage (in diſpight
Of neighb'ring death,) did witneſſe and proclaime
A ſoveraigne beauty in *Parthenia's* name,
And ſhe it was indeed, ſee how ſhe lies
Smiling on death, as if her bleſſed eyes

(Bleſt in their beſt deſires) had eſpied
His face already, for whoſe ſake ſhe died:
The *Lillies*, and the *Roſes* (that while e're
Strove in her cheeks, till they compounded there)
Have broke their truce, and freſhly falne to blowes,
Behold the *Lilly* hath o'recome the *Roſe*:
Her *Alabaſter* neck (that did out-goe
The *Doves* in whiteneſſe, *Or the new faln ſnow*)
Was ſtain'd with blood, as if the red did ſeeke
Protection there, being baniſht from her cheeke:
So full of ſweetneſſe, was her dying face,
That death had not the power to diſplace
Her native beauty; onely by tranſlation,
Moulded, and cloath'd it in a newer faſhion.
But now *Amphialus*, (in whom griefe and ſhame
Of this unlucky victory, did claime
An equall intereſt) proſtrate on the earth,
Accurs'd his ſword, his arme, his houre of birth;
Caſting his *Helmet*, and his *Gauntlet* by,
His undiſſembled teares did teſtifie
What words could not: But finding her eſtate
More apt for help, then griefe (though both too late)
Crept on his knees, and begging pardon of her,
His hands (his often curſed hands) did proffer
Their needleſſe help, and, with his life to ſhow
What honour a devoted heart could doe:
Whereto *Parthenia* (whoſe expiring breath
Gave ſpeedy ſignes of a deſired death)
Turning her fixt (but oft recalled) eyes,
Upon *Amphialus*, faintly thus replyes.

Sir, you have done enough, and I require
No more; Your hands have done, what I deſire,
What I expect; and if againſt your will,
The better; ſo I wiſh your favours ſtill,

Yet

Yet one thing more (if enemies may ſue)
I crave, which is, to be untoucht by you;
And as for honour, all that I demand,
Is, not to purchaſe honour from your hand:
No, no, 'twas no ſuch bargaine made; That he,
Whoſe hands had kill'd my Argalus, *ſhould help me;*
Your hands have done enough, I crave no more;
And for the deeds ſake, I forgive the doer.
What then remaines? but that I goe to reſt
With Argalus, *and to be repoſſeſt*
Of him, with him for ever to abide,
E're ſince whoſe death, I have ſo often dyed.
And there ſhe fainted (even as if the Clock
Of death, had given a warning e're it ſtruck)
But ſoone returning to her ſelfe againe;
Welcome ſweet death, ſaid ſhe, *whoſe minutes paine*
Shall crowne this ſoule with everlaſting pleaſure;
Come, come, and welcome, I attend thy leaſure:
Delay me not: O doe me not that wrong,
My Argalus *will chide, I ſtay ſo long:*
O now I feele the Gordian knotted bands
Of life unti'd: O heavens! into your hands
I recommend my better part, with truſt
To finde you much more mercifull, then juſt,
(Yet truely juſt withall) O life! O death!
I call you to a witneſſe, that this breath
Ne'r drew a blaſt of comfort, ſince that houre
My Arg'lus *dyed: O thou eternall power,*
Shroud all my faults beneath the milk-white vaile
Of thy deare mercy: and when this tongue ſhall faile
To ſpeake; O then:
And as ſhe ſpake *(O then)* O then ſhe left
To ſpeake; and being ſuddenly bereft
Of words, the fatall Sifter did divide

Her ſlender twine of life, and ſo ſhe dyde.
So dyde *Parthenia*, in whoſe cloſed eyes
The world of beauty and perfection lyes
Lockt up by angels (as a thing divine)
From mortall eyes, the whilſt her vertues ſhine
In perfect glory, in the throne of glory,
Leaving the world no *Relique* but the ſtory
Of earths perfection, for the mouth of fame
To conſecrate to her eternall name,
Which ſhall ſurvive, (if Muſes can divine)
(Though not in theſe poore monuments of mine)
To th'end of dayes, and by theſe looſer rimes,
Shall be deliver'd to ſucceeding times;
So long as beauty ſhall but finde a friend,
Partheniaes laſting fame ſhall never end:
Till, to be truely vertuous, to be chaſt,
Be held a ſinne, *Partheniaes* name ſhall laſt.
Thus when *Amphialus*, had put out this Lampe,
This Lampe of honour, he forſooke the *Campe*,
And, like a willing pris'ner was confinde
To the ſtrict limits of a troubled minde;
No *Jury* need b'impannell'd or agreed
Upon the Verdict, none to atteſt the deed;
None to give ſentence, in the Judgement-hall;
Himſelfe was witneſſe, Jury, Judge, and all;
Where now we leave him, whilſt we turne our eyes
Upon *Partheniaes* women, whoſe fierce cryes
Inforce a helpleſſe audience: *It is ſaid,*
When Troy *was taken ſuch a cry was made.*
One ſnatcht *Partheniaes* ſword, reſolv'd to dye
Partheniaes death: Another raving by,
Strove for the weapon; through which eager ſtriſe,
They both were hindred, and each ſav'd a life.
Others, whom wiſer paſſion had taught how

To

To grieve at easier rates, did rudely throw
Their careleſſe bodies on the purple floore:
Where, ſprinkling duſt upon their heads, they tore
Their tangled haire, and garments drencht in teares:
And cryde, as if *Partheniaes* bleſſed eares
Could heare the voice of grief, ſuch griefes as would
Returne her from her glory, if they could:
Each heart was turn'd a wardrobe of true paſſion,
Where griefes were cloathed in a ſeverall faſhion,
Sometimes their ſorrow would recall to view
Her vertue, chaſtneſſe, ſweetneſſe, and renew
Their waſted paſſions, and oft-times they bann'd
Themſelves, for obeying her unjuſt command.
And now by this the mournefull trump of Fame
(Growne whoarſe with very ſorrow) did proclame
And ſpread her dolefull tidings, whilſt all eares
And eyes were fill'd with death, and ſliding teares;
Pitty and *ſorrow* mixt with admiration,
Became the threefold ſubject of all paſſion:
Griefe went her *progreſſe* through all hearts, and none
From the poore *Cotage* to the princely *Throne* (row
Could own a thought, whoſe beſt advice could bor-
The ſmalleſt reſpite from th'extreames of ſorrow.
But all this while, *Baſilius* princely breſt,
As it commanded, ſo out-griev'd the reſt;
His ſhare was treble: Hearts of *Kings* are deepe
And cloſe; what once they entertaine, they keepe
With violence: the violence of his paſſion
Admits no meane, as yet, no moderation;
But ſoone as griefe had done her private rights
And dues to *Honour*: *Honour* (that delights
In publique ſervice, and can make the breath
Of ſighes and ſobs to triumph over death)
Call'd in *ſolemnity*; with all her traine

And military pompe to entertaine
Our welcome *Mourners*, whose slow paces tread
The paths of death; and, with sad triumph lead
The slumbring body, to that bed of rest,
Where nothing can disquiet, or molest
Her sacred ashes, there intombed, lay
The valiant *Argalus*; and there, they say,
Ere since that time, th' *Arcadians* once a yeare,
Visit the ruines of their *Sepulchre*;
And in memoriall of their faithfull loves,
There built an *Altar*, where two milk-white *Doves*
They yearly offer to the hallowed *Fame*
Of *Argalus* and his *Partheniaes* name.

FINIS.

Hos ego versiculos.

Like to the Damask Rose you see,
Or like the blossome on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the Sunne, or like the shade,
Or like the Gourd that Jonas had,
Even such is man whose thred is spunne,
Drawne out and cut and so is done.

The Rose withers, the blossome blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth:
The Sunne sets, the shadow flies,
The Gourd consumes, and man he dies.

Like to the blaze of fond delight;
Or like a morning cleare and bright;
Or like a frost, or like a shower

Or like the pride of Babels Tower ;
Or like the howre that guides the Time ;
Or like to beauty in her prime ;
Even ſuch is man, whoſe glory lends
His life a blaze or two, and ends.

Delights vaniſh, the merne o're caſteth,
The froſt breaks, the ſhower haſteth ;
The tower falls, the hower ſpends ;
The beauty fades, and mans life ends.

Finis. **Fr: Qu:**

The Authours Dreame.

MY ſinnes are like the haires upon my head,
And raiſe their audit to as high a ſcore:
In this they differ : theſe doe dayly ſhed,
But ah ! my ſinnes grow dayly more and more.
If by my haires thou number out my ſinnes ;
Heaven make me bald before the day begins.

2

My ſinnes are like the ſands upon the ſhore ;
Which every ebbe layes open to the eye,
In this they differ : theſe are cover'd o're
With every tide, my ſins ſtill open lye.
If thou wilt make my head a ſea of teares,
O they will hide the ſinnes of all my yeares.

3

My ſinnes are like the Starres within the skies,
In view, in number even as bright, as great,
In this they differ : theſe doe ſet and riſe :
But ah ! my ſinnes doe riſe, but never ſet.
Shine Sunne of glory and my ſinnes are gone
Like twinkling Starres before the riſing Sun.

Finis. **Fr: Qu:**